

SHELL GAME:

The Betrayal and Cover-Up by the U.S. Government of the
Union Bank of Switzerland-Terrorist Threat Finance Connection
To Booz Allen Hamilton and U.S. Central Command

A Whistleblowing Report
to the United States Congress

Submitted by
Scott Bennett, 2LT, United States Army (Reserve)
11th Psychological Operations Battalion
To The Department of Defense Inspector General

DATE: Memorial Day, May 27, 2013

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION TO CONGRESS
AND REQUEST FOR SPECIAL HEARING AND INVESTIGATION

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DISCLOSURE

This is a "whistleblower" report to the American people. It has already been sent to the military, the Congress, the Courts, and the media. It's purpose is to inform minds, inspire hearts, and save lives--those of our servicemen, our allies, and our civilians--and our nation's future.

I am an American soldier, and Army Officer, and I write this in obedience to my sworn oath to "support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic."

In this case, I am defending against domestic enemies giving "aide and comfort" to the foreign terrorist enemy by not utilizing key financial intelligence relating to terrorist finance networks and operations; and thereby committing treason (as defined by Article 3, section 3 of the U.S. Constitution) against the people of the United States of America.

Citizens--of America and our international coalition of allies--are encouraged to call and write the U.S. House of Representatives, the U.S. Senate, and the media, to demand that Congressional hearings be held to investigate the matter, provide an explanation, and hold all parties accountable.

The following is a true story.

DATE: May 27, 2013--MEMORIAL DAY



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February 10, 2013

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

RE: Military whistleblowing report to Congress on Psychological warfare and terrorist financing issues (follow up to the "TOO BIG TO JAIL" Rolling Stone article Feb. 28, 2013).

Attention Military Officers, Members of Congress, and the Media:

If you're interested, I'd like to share with you a story which very well could win you both the Pulitzer for exposing it, and the U.S. Medal of Freedom for having the courage to face it.

The story involves two military whistleblowing reports to Congress. One report examined "Psychological Warfare Issues" which would be conducted against Americans; the other report examined terrorist financing by international banks and the intentional cover-up by U.S. government officials. One report prophetically warned of the Benghazi, Libya attacks; the other report addresses the deeper, more insidious aspects of the issues raised in Matt Taibbi's Rolling Stone article "TOO BIG TO JAIL."

Quite simply, the Rolling Stone article exposes only the tip of an oil-black iceberg of government corruption with regards to terrorist financing, global banks, defense contractors, and intentional military intelligence failures.

The real story revolves around a whistleblowing report to U.S. Civil Affairs-Psychological Operations Command on September 25, 2012; a secret Senate hearing; an assassination attempt by the Department of Justice against the whistleblower; and financial intelligence sharing failures at the highest level of government which can only be explained as either: 1) a treasonous conspiratorial manipulation of information by the Department of Justice and the Intelligence Community against the military; or 2) a pathetic and scandalous bureaucratic blunder which has spilled the blood of servicemembers unnecessarily and wasted tens of millions of dollars. I invite you to review the bank statements, wiki-leaks cables, letters, reports, interviews, and other materials I have, and arrive at your own conclusion.

WHO AM I:

I am an Army Officer with extensive experience at U.S. Special Operations Command, U.S. Central Command, and the State Department Coordinator for Counterterrorism Office (and other agencies). Before this I worked for the G.W. Bush Administration from 2003 to 2008, had a Top Secret/SCI security clearance, and specialized in Psychological Warfare and Islamic terrorist finance operations. Resume attached.

Since you and your organization claim to represent the spirit of accountability in American government, and are recognized as champions of democratic freedoms, I invite you to honor that title and oath by contacting me for a further debriefing.

If you're interested in the next "Watergate"/"Iran-Contra" scandal that reads like a Tom Clancy mixed with a "DaVinci Code" plot, contact me for details.

Respectfully yours,



Scott Bennett

MILITARY ATTORNEY:
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ABSTRACT

Enclosed are excerpts from an 83-page military whistleblowing report which influenced Edward Snowden's decision to circumvent Congress and release his information directly to the American people.

The report was written by an Army Officer and Psychological Warfare analyst at Booz Allen Hamilton--the same defense contractor that employed Snowden. This analyst had a Top Secret/Sensitive Compartmentalized Information (TS/SCI) clearance, and worked in counterterrorism at the State Department, U.S. Special Operations Command, and U.S. Central Command in Washington D.C. and Florida. The report answers the following:

1. Why did Edward Snowden feel he had to immediately go public?
2. What connects Booz Allen Hamilton, the NSA, the CIA, Union Bank of Switzerland, and Terrorist Threat Finance conspiracy and cover-up?
3. Who is the Swiss Banker entrapped by the CIA, whose identity was discovered by Snowden during his time with CIA in Geneva, Switzerland?
4. Who are Booz Allen Hamilton players Edward Snowden, Scott Bennett, Mike McConnell, and James Clapper?
5. Who are the National Security Agency whistleblowers Thomas Drake, William Binney, and J. Kirk Wiebe?

ANSWERS:

1. Snowden went public because he had no choice. He discovered what had happened to 2LT Scott Bennett when he filed reports through official channels, and knew the only chance to warn Americans was by telling them.

2. Booz Allen Hamilton managed people and operations in Terrorist Threat Finance for the military and the intelligence community, yet after an analyst reported Swiss bank issues, he was fired, the report buried.

3. The Swiss Banker, Brad Birkenfeld, was indicted, convicted, and jailed after he exposed the Union Bank of Switzerland (UBS)-Terrorist Threat Finance connection to the Department of Justice and intelligence agencies.

4. Scott Bennett was a Booz Allen Hamilton Associate and Army Officer who worked as a Terrorist Threat Finance analyst at U.S. CENTCOM, and was indicted, tried, and convicted on trumped-up charges after he sent two reports up the chain of command: one predicted the Benghazi attack; the other exposed the conspiracy and cover-up of the UBS-Birkenfeld-CIA Terrorist Threat Finance connection. Ironically Birkenfeld and Bennett ended up in the same unit, in the same prison, and compared notes--each connecting the others' dots to arrive at a terrifying conclusion.

Mike McConnell was the Director of National Intelligence (DNI) during 2007-2009 and saw the intelligence reports from CIA about UBS-Birkenfeld. McConnell is now the Vice Chairman of Booz Allen Hamilton and runs cyberwar.

James Clapper is also an ex-Booz Allen executive and presently the Director of National Intelligence. He has seen Snowden and Bennett's intel. No one in government or Booz Allen Hamilton has even been questioned in the Terrorist Finance-UBS-Birkenfeld-CIA-Booz Allen Hamilton connection--ever. Clapper made the "least untruthful statement" before Congress when he lied about Snowden's NSA monitoring of Americans, and failed to discuss Bennett's report confirming the UBS-Birkenfeld-CIA link Snowden released, as well as the connection to Booz Allen Hamilton both Snowden and Bennett shared.

5. NSA Whistleblowers Thomas Drake, William Binney, and J. Kirk Wiebe were patriots indicted, prosecuted, and lives trashed after legally exposing illegality by the NSA. Most disturbing of all, Leon Panetta, Secretary of Defense, was a Booz Allan man.

This is only an excerpt. The entire 83-page report may be obtained by contacting the Army Officer directly at: 2LT Scott Bennett, 29418-016, P.O. Box Box 670, Minersville, PA 17954-0670 (570-544-7100 for media call). Bennett's attorney: Jeff O'Toole (202-775-1550) otooole@otrons.com
Bennett's military attorney: Capt. Avi Stone (avraham.r.stone@us.army.mil)

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." -JOHN 8:32

PROEM

In Mel Gibson's masterpiece film "Braveheart", there is a scene where the "nobleman" who betrayed William Wallace on the battlefield--abandoning him during the fight in favor of bribe money and political title--is asleep in his subsidized bed, tossing and turning as he's tormented by the nightmare of a blue-face-painted, sword-swinging Wallace galloping on horseback against a backdrop of flames, chasing after him; startling him awake with terror. As he whimpers relieved that it was just a dream, the bedchamber doors suddenly burst open by Wallace atop a horse, as he rides in, steps onto the bed, unfurls a massive iron ball-and-chain, and swirls and smashes it down upon the face of the traitor.

I anticipate this letter will no doubt have the same effect on certain people. For right now somewhere, in the dark, dank cubicles of U.S. Government, there is a nervously twitching cabal of parasitic lawyers and bureaucrats from the White House, the Intelligence Community, Congress, the media, and the military, who have been dreading and desperately trying to bury and stop this report from ever reaching the American public. Obstructionists whose skullduggery must now, with the weight and momentum behind this letter, come to a career-face smashing end; and their deeds be exposed as the acts of treason they are.

INTRODUCTION

Nearly 40 years ago, a small team of men stood before a judge and tried to quietly settle a burglary incident. The strangeness of the incident--the military-intelligence (CIA) backgrounds of the men, the Democratic National Committee headquarters as the target--led a couple of intrepid "investigative" journalists to shame the press establishment by successfully doing what no other news media would at the time: They began asking questions and looking deeper. They discovered a political plot, triggered a Congressional Investigation, and as more men were dragged in to testify, revealed a government orchestrated conspiracy which eventually toppled a President with delusions of infallible Kingship. It was the story of the decade that rocked the legal foundations of our Republic.

Then a decade later, a military officer answered the questions of Congress about duties he performed for his President--somehow without his President's knowledge--out of love of country.

Then another American Intelligence Operative (a CIA agent) testified before Congress about how she was targeted and persecuted in order to hinder her husband who was exposing lies that were being used to justify a war to make a "Brave New World" cleansed of extremist ideologies...which included certain outspoken American political groups as seen by the recent IRS persecution of conservative 501.c.4 "Tea Party" groups.

The parallels of Nixon's "Watergate" conspiracy; LT.Colonel Oliver North's "Iran-Contra" obstruction of Congress scandal; and Valerie Plame's vindictive exposure and persecution, are all interconnected--by substance and innuendo--to this current "Union Bank of Switzerland (UBS)-Counterterrorist Threat Financing" and Rolling Stone's "Too Big to Jail" story. Only this is far worse.

Matt Taibbi's article "Too Big to Jail" in the Feb. 28, 2013 issue of Rolling Stone exposes the connection between terrorist threat financing and international banks like HSBC. Unfortunately--or fortunately--it's only half the story. The Rolling Stone article reveals only the tip of an oil-black iceberg of government corruption with regard to terrorist financing, global banks, defense contractors, and intentional military intelligence failures.

The real story revolves around a whistleblowing report written by a U.S. Army Officer and terrorist finance analyst to U.S. Civil Affairs-Psychological Operations Command on September 25, 2012; a secret Senate hearing; an assassination attempt by the Department of Justice against the whistleblower; and financial intelligence sharing failures at the highest level of government which can only be explained as either 1) a treasonous conspiratorial manipulation of information by the Department of Justice and the Intelligence Community against the military; or 2) a pathetic and scandalous bureaucratic blunder which has spilled the blood of service members unnecessarily, which wasted tens of millions of dollars, and exhausted our nation with war fatigue.

The Army Officer had extensive experience at U.S. Special Operations Command, U.S. Central Command, and the State Department Coordinator for Counterterrorism Office, where he had worked multidimensionally as a psychological warfare analyst and defense contractor, and had a Top Secret/SCI security clearance--one of the highest in the nation. This Officer wrote two whistleblowing reports to Congress. One examined impending psychological warfare attacks against the American people (and troops); the other exposed and analyzed terrorist threat financing by international banks and

the intentional cover-up by civilian U.S. Government officials.

One report prophetically warned of the Benghazi, Libya attacks; the other addressed the deeper, more insidious aspects of the issues raised in Matt Taibbi's recent Rolling Stone article about HSBC, terrorist bank accounts, and the concerted effort to punish and silence whistleblowers who discovered and reported intelligence to authorities whose job was to use such intelligence to defend the nation.

For the purposes of brevity, the latter whistleblowing report will be the focus in this article.

After reviewing mountains of bank documents, wikileaks cables, reports, letters, interviews, and other materials, the Army Officer made some startling discoveries.

PART I: SHELL GAME

When it comes to financing international terrorists with secret foreign bank accounts and then covering it up and silencing the whistleblower who reported it, nobody quite does it better than the United States Government--more specifically the U.S. Department of Justice and the Senate.

If you're reading this article in an American publication, then it means the U.S. media has not abandoned its sacred post as a preserver of freedom and vanguard of democracy, or the internet been unplugged as the blipping E.K.G. monitor of the U.S. Constitution's life support.

If you're not reading this in an American publication, then they have abandoned their post--and oath--by refusing to speak truth, stuck their collective heads in the sand along with the Congressman and Senators who've read this report, and shamelessly sold their birthright for the sour pottage of Obama's Orwellian patriotism to a paranoid new world of drone enforced Executive Orders. If the American media is not publishing this, then you must thank the outside world's media for standing-up for what is right and true and good, and having the courage to publish this inconvenient truth.

This truth is a report written by a defense contractor and Army Officer who was a psychological warfare and terrorist threat finance analyst (with a Top Secret/SCI security clearance) for U.S. Central Command, U.S. Special Operations Command, and the State Department Coordinator for Counterterrorism Office from 2008 to 2010.

This report exposed and analyzed in great detail how the Department of Justice, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations

under Senator Carl Levin (D-MI) and then Senator Barack Obama (D-IL), the Senate Armed Services committee (also under Senator Carl Levin), the Justice Department, the State Department, and certain agencies in the "Intelligence" community, colluded to betray, prosecute, and cover-up the Union Bank of Switzerland whistleblower, Brad Birkenfeld, for exposing and reporting the UBS-Terrorist Threat Finance connection.

This report was sent to Colonel Jeffrey Jacobs, Commander of U.S. Civil Affairs-Psychological Operations Command on September 25, 2012. After receiving no response whatsoever, the Army Officer felt compelled to send it to Congress and the Pentagon Inspector General a month later, out of a sense of duty and his "oath to uphold and defend the Constitution", which this illicit Terrorist Threat Finance-Foreign Bank connection indicated. The report was sent to Inspector General Lynne Halbrooks, as well as over thirty (30) Congressman and Senators (including the committees on the Armed Services, Homeland Security, Terrorism, Finance, and Intelligence) as an official "whistleblowing report". See attached list of names.

However again, no response was given and nothing was done. The reason for this lack of response of course was one four-letter word which seems to symbolize our modern political-military leaders, as well as the psychosis suffocating our sense of national identity. That word is simply--yet with profound implications--FEAR.

By revealing the existence of this connection between UBS (and other foreign banks) and Islamic terrorists, the military and the intelligence community would be, once again, properly defined as bureaucrats in uniform as efficient as the Maytag repairman with an unplugged phone. They would be seen as either failing to discover

this terrorist threat finance dimension of the UBS-Birkenfeld whistleblowing drama; or intentionally failing to act despite their knowing, leaving them with the blood of service men on their hands from the bombs and bullets bought with UBS wrapped dollars (similar to the pallets found in Iraq's early invasion). So FEAR governed the military-defense contractor and intelligence community response. Fear of exposure, accountability, and the repercussions against their ineptitude by a nation of outraged families and silent graves.

FEAR also inspired politicians. Addicted to their lust for re-election and neutered by political-correctness, they frantically covered ears, eyes, and mouth in a hear-see-speak no evil (or truth in this case) fetal position posture of denial, hoping the report would "go away", or perhaps the writer of it mysteriously disappear into the echoe of a bullet. They feared that since the report explained how an assasination attempt may have been made by the Department of Justice against Brad Birkenfeld in the form of a forged letter sent to UBS claiming to be from Birkenfeld's friend betraying that Birkenfeld was revealing "proprietary bank information" (aka, terrorist bank accounts) to the Justice Department, this might open a Pandora's Box of Patriot Act suspicion--a marriage they had already forced upon the American people. After all, the most logical party guilty of ordering the assasination attempt was the Department of Justice itself, specifically attorneys Kevin O'Connor and/or Kevin Downing, who interestingly had ties to ex-mayor of New York Rudy Gulianni, Abdullah Azziz (mentioned as an Al Qaeda financier in Matt Taibbi's recent article "Too Big to Jail"), and foreign banks. The report explained how one month after meeting with Department of Justice officials (and giving them his cell phone number), Birkenfeld's

international banking friend from London had received a call from UBS asking him why he had sent them a letter exposing Birkenfeld's meeting with Justice Department officials. He denied ever writing such a letter, obtained a copy of it, showed it to Birkenfeld, and in shock and outrage at being violated, demanded to know what was going on.

Birkenfeld then explained he was meeting with DOJ officials, but couldn't discuss the reasons. Despite confronting and demanding an explanation from the Justice Department about this letter, no response was ever given. The explanation was being written on the wall: Birkenfeld's revelations about terrorist financing by UBS would expose accounts and activities by U.S. government agencies (Crooks-In-Action, aka CIA, no doubt) which mentally-medicated politicians simply would not want to have to sharpen their wits and give an answer for. So in order to not have to suffer the strain of honesty and give an answer to the American people about UBS accounts being used to finance terrorist threats against American sons and daughters in military uniform, a plan (or some might say treasonous scandal) was devised.

The plan would be to bait Birkenfeld into giving testimony before the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations (chaired by Senator Carl Levin), and then switch the discussion to "American Tax Evasion and Money Laundering" issues, so that the Justice Department could entrap Birkenfeld with his own disclosures (despite his being promised immunity and good faith), cobble together a rickety legal case against him; then threaten, prosecute and silence him with a plea deal that would remove him from the public eye as quickly as possible (This is the real reason Carl Levin is rushing to retire from office--and save his pension).

Conveniently this would guarantee loyalty from UBS Chairman for the Americas Robert Wolf, and bind him into becoming a financial campaign

donor and supporter of then Senator Barack Obama, who was also on the committee and running for President of the United States against John McCain in 2008 (Interestingly, Attorney General Eric Holder and Assistant Attorney General Lanny Breur worked for the law firm Covington and Burling in private practice, and also represented UBS prior to their joining the Justice Department. This wasn't mentioned in Matt Taibbi's article explaining why Lanny Breur--and Eric Holder--gave deferred prosecutions to big banks--including UBS. It was because they worked for these banks in the past, and no doubt expected to again in the future, that deferred prosecutions were given, and had nothing to do with the "red herring" of saving jobs or destabilizing the financial markets or global banking industry).

However despite also being chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Senator Carl Levin refused to share any of the information disclosed by Birkenfeld about UBS financing terrorists through its secret Swiss accounts and internal instruments, such as the "Optimus Foundation", with the Armed Services organization whose central mission was to combat, destroy and prevent terrorist threat finance operations and networks. This organization was U.S. Central Command's Terrorist Threat Finance team managed by defense contractor Booz Allen Hamilton at MacDill Air Force Base in Tampa, Florida. I know this because I was a member of this team, and neither Senator Carl Levin, nor President Barack Obama, nor any member of any Congressional committee ever allowed Brad Birkenfeld's testimony or financial information to be shared with us. It was only after I met Brad Birkenfeld after he was imprisoned that I discovered how incredibly valuable his financial information was, and how much obscene skullduggery, corruption and treason may have been committed against our military by allowing terrorist-UBS financial networks to remain undisclosed and untargeted for political gain.

It was only after I spent months with Birkenfeld piecing together all of the intelligence materials (i.e., Wikileaks cables, bank statements, reports, letters, interviews) he had accumulated in an effort to vindicate himself, that I stumbled upon an outrageous irony and astounding--if not miraculous--coincidence. My job had been to work within the military-intelligence matrix to identify, analyze, track-down, and destroy terrorist finance networks and operations. Yet the information most necessary for combatting these terrorists was coming to me not from the intelligence community, but from a jail cell; not from a professional military analyst, but from an imprisoned civilian banker. And never would we have met had this same government which imprisoned him for whistleblowing about Swiss banks financing terrorism, not also imprisoned me for discovering and trying to expose the same menace. Whether out of an impossible coincidence or Divinely orchestrated meeting, Brad Birkenfeld and I ended up not only at the same prison, but in the same dorm, down the hall from each other; and upon meeting discovered our individual stories formed a fantastic revelation that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Here is where the story takes a turn toward the bizarre, if not supernatural, and makes the wise seem foolish by showing how accidents can really be appointments.

I had been given a Direct Commission as an Officer in the United States Army (Reserve) based on my experience at the Bush Administration, advanced degrees, and prior work as a Psychological Warfare and Intelligence analyst at the State Department Coordinator for Counterterrorism (State/CT) Office, and U.S. Special Operations Command-Joint Military Information Support Center.

After completing Officer training, I had been asked if I would consider becoming a Terrorist Threat Finance analyst at U.S. Central Command, and transfer to Tampa, Florida within the month. It would be more than a 9 to 5 job, it would be a mission to end the war on terror by destroying the enemy's ability to make war by evaporating his money. I was told they desperately needed my psyop and counterterrorism background, and would infuse my defense contractor work into my Army duty, so that I could both work and perform military drill at the same location. Although it meant relocating my entire life from Washington DC down to Florida, my love and duty to country came first, and I accepted the position. I informed my Army battalion (11th Psychological Operations Battalion) in the Wash. D.C. area, and began the process of transferring to U.S. Central Command.

I was given a special VIP flight aboard the executive jet of U.S. Special Operations Commander, Admiral Eric Olson, and flew down with him personally to U.S. Central Command, and I was given temporary housing at MacDill Air Force Base. I had arranged to live on-base in order to facilitate my Army unit transfer, and also to be safe(r). I had a Top Secret/Sensitive Compartmentalized Information security clearance, which meant I was at the top of the terrorist wish list for beheading or extortion through family kidnappings, etc. At indoctrination training I was told "you are now a target, threats lurk everywhere, trust no one." I took it as sage advice.

Over the next four months I was trained and worked in every dimension, product, and agency which interfaced with the art and science of terrorist financial networks and operations. I also found myself head-butting against worshippers of mediocrity, bureaucracy, and the status quo (aka, government employees).

My personality is that of an Alpha, extrovert, and fearlessly aggressive. Since eleven years old, I had been active in Boy Scouts (when men were still men), Civil Air Patrol (Air Force Cadets), DeMolay (junior Masons), high school sports, college fraternity (Alpha Tau Omega), and now Army Special Operations. As a warrior-soldier, I despised simpletons, weaklings, and cowards, especially among Officers, since they got better men killed. I had a nobler pedigree and history of proven leadership skills than most generals...and they felt it. I despised bureaucratic inefficiency as the blood-clot in the mind of common sense, and sand in the gears of success. I didn't wait for problems to arrive, I went out to attack them with ruthless confidence and audacious creativity, which no doubt upset those whose jobs are justified by making organizational problems chronic. But like oil and water, laziness and I didn't mix.

It was this volatile chemistry of personality which would eventually form the storm that would blow my odyssey off-course and banish me into Obama's archipelago of military-intelligence-financial secrets, shipwreck me onto Birkenfeld's "Alcatraz of misfit toys", and ultimately lead to my redemptive discovery of the "Grail" through Birkenfeld's documents which proved my suspicions--and reports--had been right all along: That Swiss banks like UBS (and HSBC) had, in fact, been financing terrorists, and the intelligence community was concealing it for political reasons.

Now in the interests of column space and copyrights--never mind national security--I cannot express here the vast labrynth of knowledge and experiences I absorbed whilst sojourning within the U.S. military-intelligence-political body, only to say that it was quite a "Fantastic Voyage". The fat, decay, and atrophy in ability and instinct to be creative, adaptable, and fearless in management and strategy seemed to, unfortunately, hobble our traditional American strengths of intellectual and technological genius. Yes, fighter planes, cruise missiles, SEAL team Six, and drone assassinations are all healthy, motivation - enhancing inoculations for our national ego towards terrorism, but I am more interested in focussing on our weaknesses and disabilities in order to heal and rehabilitate them, than I am in self-complimenting and inflating the vanity of our military muscle. The reason is: the terrorist enemy doesn't hit us where we're strong or protected, but where we're weakest and most vulnerable. So with this attitude, I went into my job as a Terrorist Threat Finance analyst to examine, probe, and dissect all aspects and personnel and operations involved in the mission, so that I could identify the problems and prescribe the solutions.

I familiarized myself with all U.S. Government Agencies, military combatant commands and special warfare units, and defense contractors (both U.S. and foreign) who were engaged in counterterrorism, threat finance, and unconventional warfighting around the globe. I was given a work station in the Joint Interagency Operations Center (JIOC)--also known sometimes as the Joint Interagency Group (JIAG)--and worked with an assortment of government agencies including the State Department, Treasury, Justice, Homeland Security, Central Intelligence Agency, Immigration and Customs Enforcement, and some others (classified).

I was tasked with interviewing all the different agency teams to discover their particular expertise in Terrorist Threat Finance, and formulate recommendations to improve their functionality. This meant identifying duplicative and unproductive operations within the agencies, developing plans and timetables for eliminating them, and synthesizing the best practices and expertise of the various government and military agencies into my Booz Allen Hamilton team. Of course, this was somewhat unpopular and strenuously resisted by certain agencies in the JIOC, since they had formed a "nest" in CENTCOM and built up a bureaucratic culture immediately after September 11, 2001; and typical of bureaucracy, they viewed every worker and task of their particular agency as essential, regardless if it was being duplicated by four other government agencies, the military, or their subcontractors.

Since one thing military people (and bureaucrats) hate is to lose power to the private sector, the unfortunate result was a military-government-intelligence community dysfunctionality with regard to Terrorist Threat Finance; and a refusal to communicate, share information, or engage in a team effort by U.S. SOCOM (Special Operations Command) and other departments. It was a surreal turf war between military commands fighting for power; government agencies occupying space without really producing anything substantive; and private sector contractors trying to modify the status quo and being reviled for it. It was the most bizaare circus of petty politics I had ever encountered.

Most offensive to me as a military officer was the fact that this "power-struggle" between CENTCOM, SOCOM, civilian government agencies, and defense contractors like Booz Allen Hamilton, was extending the killing, maiming, and suffering of military personnel by dragging out the wars unnecessarily. By wasting time, resources, and refusing to exploit information about Swiss banks such as UBS (and HSBC) which

terrorists used to finance their personnel and operations, the sad (and perhaps treasonous) result was America's security was undermined, and our sons and daughters in uniform were being sacrificed because America's military-intelligence community leadership were acting like jealous infants pouting over favorite toys.

Despite my vigorous--some might say furious--attempts to synthesize interdepartmental intelligence to triangulate Swiss banks like UBS as the hub of the Iran, Haqqani, and European terrorist networks, as well as design psychological warfare campaigns, I was repeatedly blocked and discouraged from delving too deep or being too aggressively creative. Additionally my recommendations to more intelligently filter Islamic lecturers in order to avoid infecting young soldiers' minds with ambiguous, contradictory, and ecumenically ambidextrous propaganda had been scorned as "too harsh." It seemed endangering the mission by crippling soldiers with the paralysis of moral confusion on the battlefield was more acceptable a risk than a legal confrontation with terrorist apologists whose weapon was a twisted U.S. Constitution.

The military higher-command "modus operandi" seemed to unofficially be "apply political-correctness non-judgmentally to all issues requiring judgment." Clever?...Yes. Safe?...Perhaps...for a while. However despite my instinctive concern about flaws or contradictions in strategic communication (SC) materials, strategy, or leadership, I was told my job was not to improve CENTCOM but to stop extremists from financing global terrorism. And so, always the good soldier, I obeyed orders, saluted sharply, and pushed forward in my work and mission.

Although I honestly believed--and still do--that my application of creative imagination to the counterterrorism analytical framework (CTAF) was helping military commanders formulate better strategies and operations, as well as improving interagency intelligence sharing, I soon discovered how much it also was feared. It seemed my 'rocking-the-boat' was gaining the attention of people who despise paying attention as a matter of temperament. Because one week after a moving truck delivered my household property (clothes, furniture, military gear, firearms and ammunition) into my apartment on base (arranged and paid for by my firm, Booz Allen Hamilton) I was stopped in my car at the front gate, arrested at gun-point by military police, taken against my will, and interrogated for twelve (12) hours under conditions the ACLU and most Congress Members define as torture in handcuffs.

At first, I thought it was a training exercise to test a person's aptitude for special undercover operations, resistance to interrogation, emotional fortitude, or intellectual dexterity.

The reason being, I had just completed a week-long training course in "Advanced Critical Thinking" (after being the first person in CENTCOM's history to 'test-out' of the prior mandatory 'Beginning' and 'Intermediate' courses--much to the chagrin of certain bureaucrats in Booz Allen Hamilton who got paid to give classes I didn't need). So, calmly and deliberately, I played along with what I thought was part of the game.

However the missing component of subtle delicacy and psychological complexity in the blunt-force trauma sadistically applied by Detective Edward Garcia and his master LTC. Martin Mitchell quickly disabused me of this notion. MacDill Air Force Base Security Forces, and its Commander, had now shed the blood of one of their own, and shamed America like never before.

Despite my being a U.S. Army Officer and counterterrorism defense contractor with a Top Secret/ Sensitive compartmentalized information security clearance, despite my having worked at State Department Counterterrorism (S/CT), U.S. Special Operations Command, the Pentagon, and now U.S. Central Command, despite the piles of papers, briefings, and intelligence material I had written about America's enemies, I was now being treated like one. I was then berated and accused by a grotesquely rude Air Force policeman of incorrectly filling-out my on-base housing application forms (four months earlier), and not properly registering my firearms (locked in a gun safe) even though they had only arrived the week prior and had already been acknowledged at the entrance gate by inspectors.

Here is where the story takes a turn toward the conspiratorial. I was then handed a "Be On The Look-Out" (B.O.L.O.) flyer with my photo and description on the front (I found out later after an Officer friend called me from Afghanistan that this flyer had been sent out to every military base around the world). With this, I had officially been given my "burn notice", as my identity and clearance had been shared with every terrorist looking for an analyst to kill or coerce. They knew I now had to go underground. I couldn't help but shake my head and half-smile at the realization that I had somehow "crossed-the-Rubicon" and entered the ranks of "Jessie James", "Billy-the-Kid", and "Tuco" from the Old West WANTED POSTERS; chuckling as Sergio Leone's theme song whistle from "The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly" began to play in my mind.

It seemed the smearing of my name had begun before my explanation of the situation had been heard, judging by condemnatory language used to describe me. Somehow a crime was being cobbled together, causing my nose to wrinkle as the once rose-flavored aroma of military-patriotism seemed to decay into the rotten manure stench of blasphemous rumors and sneaky schemes.

It also reminded me of the betrayal of CIA agent Valerie Plaine Wilson, whose undercover status and security clearance was exposed by Washington Post reporter Bob Novack after Vice President Dick Cheney's Chief of Staff "Scooter" Libby and Richard Armitage (notorious for covering up Vietnam prisoners of war being alive) had leaked the information out of petty spite and vindictiveness. Their reason was because Valerie's husband, Ambassador Joe Wilson, had accurately exposed and honorably challenged (out of love of truth and duty to country) inaccurate and dishonorable claims by the George W. Bush Administration about "yellow cake" (used in nuclear weapons fabrication) in Africa, which was cited in a State of the Union speech by the President as justification for the impending invasion of Iraq.

Valerie (and Joe) had risked her life and sacrificed her family out of a patriotic duty to country, and was repaid by seat-warming political simpletons whose callous paws assaulted her fragile and intricate clandestine job like a labotomized gorilla snuffing-out a match.

Interesting how things change when the political season shifts.

In a well-practiced sequence of moves, I was then handed a pink violation ticket, an unusually long and complex series of warrants and letters removing me from base and my position, and then given a termination notice from Booz Allen Hamilton.

Although on a superficial level I knew this entire situation to be ridiculously wrong, outrageous, and tragic, I also had an odd feeling of peace somewhere in the abyss of my spirit that this was an essential part of a larger journey. I then packed up, returned to Washington DC and my army battalion, and cancelled my transfer.

Back at my battalion, the Brigade Commander made a surprise visit and informed us of upcoming policy changes in the army, largely due to negative stigma given to Psychological Operations by another defense contractor named Mike Furlong. This was somewhat jaw-dropping to me in a 'deja vu' sort of way because I had worked closely with Mike at State Department Counterterrorism, and knew he had been fired and locked out of his office because of CIA complaints (he was far too efficient and a 'special operations' type of guy). Interestingly, later that year Rolling Stone magazine would report a story about other Psychological Operations Officers being persecuted by the Army for refusing to analyze and target U.S. Senators with behavior changing communication (the army wanted to cultivate a desire in them to designate more money for psychological warfare).

After hearing this, I wrote a lengthy report addressing the psychological warfare impact these policy changes would have on troops, our terrorist enemy, and our overall War on Terror mission, and submitted it up the chain of command (battalion commander LTC Joel Droba, Brigade Commander of 2POG COL Burley, the Pentagon, and the Armed Services Congressional committee, and others). It was this report which forecast the attack upon the U.S. Embassy in Libya two years later. It was this report which could have saved lives, had it been properly applied.

Mysteriously, one month after submitting this official army report and nine (9) months after the MacDill AFB incident I received an indictment letter for not properly filling out my housing forms and failing to register my firearms in time. Revenge in this case was not "served cold", as Khan opined, but rather pulled out of the garbage can, reheated, and expected to be tasted as fresh. It seemed my report, which had originally been asked for, had struck a painful nerve and was a roadblock to someone's agenda. It was seen as the quintessential "straw that broke the camel's back", or rather the punch that bloodied the President's nose...and they were hell-bent to hit back. I was seen as the annoying buzzing bee, stinging their complacency and disturbingly not going away, and thus their emotional reflex was to "swat". And they did.

Despite my requests for a military attorney to investigate the matter and be appointed to defend me (since it was a military situation involving my transfer of drill location), I was refused counsel and ignored. Amazingly--and I believe unconstitutionally--the military was, for the first time, surrendering its jurisdiction to the Department of Justice, and a civilian agency was being allowed to prosecute a military matter in order to avoid the Code of Military Justice.

The civilian attorney I had retained then filed a Motion to Dismiss stating that the military police had violated numerous constitutional protections, including the 1870 Posse Comitatus Act which strictly forbids the military from exercising police powers over civilians off-base and beyond military jurisdiction. I was technically a civilian contractor, out of uniform, and off-base property when the military arrested me at gun-point, removed me from my car, transported me onto base (effectively kidnapping me), and interrogated and searched me without a proper warrant or jurisdiction. And it was this constitutional protection which sets America apart from authoritarian nations, and:

must greatly concern all Americans when these rights are violated, abused, and disgarded by military presumption.

However the Magistrate Judge, unwilling to rule against the military or the Justice Department (either out of constitutional ignorance, inability to comprehend the civilian-military jurisdictional separation, or struggling with Patriot Act fever) denied the motion to dismiss and pushed the case off on another judge for trial.

While awaiting trial, the prosecutor (Ms. Sara Sweeney, AUSA) invented all kinds of exaggerations, had me followed by Secret Service, and engaged in the same illegal harrassment which the Justice Dept. had employed against Senator Ted Stevens (R-Alaska), and had later been disciplined for--causing one prosecutor to commit suicide.

Without delving into the gory details of trial (the full story can be read in the upcoming book "CONSPIRACY, TORTURE, & BETRAYAL AT U.S. CENTRAL COMMAND: How Islamic Paranoia, Political-Correctness, and Defense Contractors are Crippling American Military Commanders, Emasculating Political Leaders, and Labotomizing Counterterrorism and Intelligence Agencies ") and the government corruption which ensued, suffice it to say that due to my oath and a naive desire to protect the military (out of respect to my country) I chose not to reveal anything about my work or past experiences. The prosecutor wasn't as respectful.

She waddled up to the podium, pulled down the microphone, and in a condescending, whiny voice as appetizing to the ear as fingernails screeching down chalkboards, unfurled a confusing tapestry of fuzzy logic and half-truths about military protocols (which she wasn't qualified to even discuss) to a jury who had no military experience. Amazingly, she also had the gall to dress-up a Special Assistant U.S. Attorney in an Air Force uniform to deceive the jury into believing the military was engaging in a joint-prosecution against me.

(I later found out at an Army Investigation Board hearing that the military never participated in my prosecution, and was not aware, nor had given permission for AUSA Sara Sweeney to employ military legal resources against me--precisely because this would have allowed me to demand a military defense attorney and military courtroom trial).

The prosecutor's argument was equally fantastical. She basically complained how in a spectacularly audacious and cunning series of moves, a lone psychological warfare analyst had single-handedly outmaneuvered and checkmated the entire U.S. military-intelligence community. And that by using his mystical charisma, encyclopedic mind, and hypnotic communication skills, was able to commandeer the private executive jet of U.S. Special Operations Commander Admiral Eric Olson; seduce love-starved female housing contractors into giving him an apartment on-base at U.S. Central Command; and then intimidate mentally lethargic military security guards into delivering his gun safe (full of firearms, ammunition, and military gear) onto the most highly guarded, top secret, impenetrable military-intelligence fortress in the world.

She then apologetically went on to say how the U.S. military reaction when Bennett revealed his activities was one of shock, disbelief, and embarrassment--which then turned to resentment, paranoia (about their contracts and jobs being lost as a result of their incompetence), and lust for revenge against this act of bohemian moxie. Hence, the legal prosecution.

What she purposely failed to mention was that because I was an Army Officer, nothing I had done was a violation of any military regulations or policies, and because of this the military was not prosecuting me. The Justice Department was simply engaging in a power-grab as part of some long-term agenda, and the military was

ignorantly surrendering jurisdiction over its own soldiers, systems, and protocols to a civilian, politically-motivated law enforcement agency. It was akin to allowing the Highway Patrol police to travel to Iraq and give out tickets to tanks for speeding. It was not only unconstitutional, but asinine--if not clinically insane. It was the very thing the Federalist Papers, the Articles of Confederation, and the Federal Constitution of the United States sought to absolutely prohibit: the civilian interference with internal military administration (not including necessary and intelligent Congressional oversight) and external maneuvers of war.

I must confess a certain degree of amusement in this. What was tragically, yet comically, ironic was the fact that had I executed this operation as part of some covert top secret plan or contract to expose the vulnerabilities and weaknesses of the U.S. Government, Intelligence Community, and Military (much like Army Special Forces soldiers used to do in the past for "shits-n-giggles" practice), I no doubt would have been given a medal of commendation, a generous financial bonus, and a Professorship to educate agents in clandestine operations, psychological manipulation, and bureaucratic obfuscation. But instead of being lavished with praise for exercising creativity and leadership, I was lashed with prosecution for refusing to submit.

Although a military protocol expert witness (Major Mark Brewer) had testified that nothing I had done violated military laws, the jury had been prejudiced and misled by the Special Assistant U.S. Attorney (Timothy Goines) wearing an Air Force uniform and deceived into thinking there "was something more to the case" and that the military was prosecuting me. This government pettifogger made a paperwork error appear to be a Fort Hood shooting plot, and wore the "Captain America" myth to shame the jury into complicity--lest their refusal define them as somehow standing against America. Strangely, I had been forbidden from wearing my Army uniform at trial--most likely because it would have neutralized the government's bias.

To make a long story end, the jury checked the "GUILTY" box, causing the AUSA Sara Sweeney to dance about uncontrollably like a demonically-possessed puppet, as I remained stoic. I was an American soldier, an Army Officer, and always would conduct myself as one.

I felt like C.S. Lewis' "Aslan" being led to the "Stone Table" as the prosecutor's legal harem of hags, goblins, and trolls cackled and grunted in unseemly celebration of their wicked victory--albeit a temporary one--as the judge decreed her opinion and plunged the twisted blade of judgment. But like Aslan, I knew without a shadow of doubt I would have my legal resurrection day (hopefully before the literal one) and in that day tear out the throat of the false accusations against me.

The judge then proclaimed all of my firearms and ammunition would be confiscated by the State (despite them being 100% legal and not used as part of any crime), and after a few more handfulls of lies thrown at me by the "Yahoo" prosecutor, said I was to be "remanded into prison" and then sentenced. Five months later (after some excruciating experiences of enlightenment) I returned for sentencing, and instead of the expected 1 to 7 months guideline, I was given

36 months (increased by the prosecutor's intentional distortion of the gun law enhancement--which all Americans and freedom loving people should beware since it sets a precedent for confiscating all liberties, property rights, and protections).

For the next few blurry months I was Charleton Heston's "Judah Ben-Hur", rowing defiantly in the Roman prison galley, and broodingly chomping at the bit for the day when I would return to the arena of Court and vindicate myself in the "Chariot Race" of argumentation. Like Ben-Hur, I longed--if not lusted--for the rematch, and the moment I would unleash my horses of truth, dominate the track, and whip, trample, and crush under foot the monstrous body of lies of the prosecutor.

Until that day however, I would have to wear the paper jumpsuit of a prisoner, before the laurel wreath could crown me the victor.

Over several months I travelled around the country by bumpy bus and plane, shackled in handcuffs and ankle chains, eating peanut-butter sandwiches on stale bread and sipping paper cups of murky water, as I was bounced around various jails. Indeed to endure the abusive treatment and filthy conditions of America's Bureau of Prisons is more than an education in character development, it is a time traveling adventure to a medieval world the average citizen has no idea exists that makes Stalin's Siberian Gulag seem like Day-Care. My encounter was painfully reminiscent of Rambo's Vietnam P.O.W. camp discovery, filled with bearded men missing teeth (there is no true dentistry in federal prisons despite the propaganda), some shivering feverishly, some hobbling on crutches due to limbs amputated from neglected cancers, some crawling out of their wheelchairs to reach the toilet, and some autistic or in other ways mentally retarded--all thrown into a menagerie of tattooed gangsters, managed by sadistically cruel security guards who must have tortured little animals in their own bullied childhoods. The medical neglect was akin to Nazi Holocaust experimentation, without the compassion.

At last the Roman prison galley of the U.S. Marshalls Service arrived at my port, and I landed at the Minimum Security facility of FCI Schuylkill (a camp). An island in the rugged mountains of Pennsylvania where a motley crue of doctors, stock-brokers, engineers, pilots, lawyers, and other "white-collar" business men types were stranded. It is probably one of the most interesting locations of concentrated intelligence and talent in the country. A Think-Tank of skill and experience that puts any in Washington DC to shame.

It was here where I found what I had been sent on a mission by the military to search out. It was here that the mythical sword of knowledge arose from the misty lake and beckoned to be grasped. It was here I was given my "Grail" (The only thing missing was the musical climax from Wagner's "Siegfreid's Funeral March").

Twas on a mild sunny day at the Italian Bowling (Batchi) court lounging on a bench and watching a few of the Mafia guys demonstrate their mastery of the game that I accidentally--or miraculously--met Brad Birkenfeld. A loose vapory chit-chat soon condensed into a deep conversation that led to a baffling discovery, that grew into analysis, that crystalized into conviction and illuminated the path of action we both felt compelled to follow.

We discovered Brad Birkenfeld had been the "unknown face" on the silhouette of the terrorist financier profile I had been developing like a detective searching for the culprit of a crime. At that moment a symphony of coincidences suddenly roared to life in a single deluge of supernatural music, confirming the invisible hand of a Grand Maestro more skilled in the perfecting of time, the interdependencies of wisdom, and the fulfillment of hope, than man's mind can imagine. At last I had found my "white whale", just short of Perdition's Flames. I had arrived at the nexus of my destiny and stumbled upon the completion of my mission by meeting the man who held all the answers. It was surreal to say the least.

Birkenfeld was the "Keymaster" to the terrorist finance doors the military wanted open.

It was as if the mysterious opponent I had "wrestled with all the night" in the desert of intelligence, bureaucratic fear, and contractor incompetence (and in the process disjointed "the hollow of my thigh" over) was unexpectedly pinned--signalling my win and blessing.

For the next six (6) months, Brad shared with me all of the documentation, timeline of events, key government agencies and people, and other information which laid out the grand puzzle of terrorist financing through Swiss and other foreign banking. Although I had begun this assembly of secrets at U.S. Central Command, now the pre-configured data easily fell into place; and bridges between the theoretical and actual components completed themselves.

I grew acquainted with the schematic of interconnected mechanisms, processes, systems, and institutions of the financial world; and the nebulous laws, policies, and traditions which formed the "Terrorist Finance Triad" (United Nations, European Union, United States) by allowing the metamorphoses of materials into various forms of wealth (cash, jewels, property, etc.).

Suddenly the hollow black-and-white framework I had been sketching as the skeleton of Terrorist-Banking networks was filled-in with bright colors and became a kaleidoscope of moving parts and sounds. As I daily examined and inserted each piece of intelligence from Brad's collection into my larger puzzle an amazing thing happened.

It was as if I had been struggling to see into one of those three dimensional computer generated artworks of incomprehensible squiggly lines and patterns, when at last my focus changed, and the hidden story within the mirage of numbers, dots and garbled meanings revealed itself. It felt like a roller coaster at its zenith, now falling toward the earth at kamikaze speed, lifting my stomach up into my throat with dizzying shock as the image became clear.

It was the three dimensional image of an orgy of monsters and robots ravishing and devouring eachother amidst the planet-destroying meteor storm of war. In other words, it was the image of government bureaucracies working against the military--either out of ignorance or selfishness--by denying them the intelligence that would have saved soldiers' limbs, eyes, faces, brains, testicles, breasts, and very lives from the merciless shredders of battle, by complicating, by slowing, and by stopping the financing of terrorist operations through Swiss and foreign banks. As I studied the image I sensed my old world morphing into the present like some surreal subplot of Pink Floyd's "The Wall" (even getting goosebumps as I reflected how the prosecutor in my trial had "accused me of feelings of an almost 'human nature'... which would not do."). In the hidden image behind Birkenfeld's story, I recognized all the men, all the missions, all the agencies, all the military technology, all the obscene bureaucratic retardation, and all the political cowardice and hypocrisy I had worked within for the past decade. I knew this world intimately, and could only shake my head and drop my eyes in shame and disgust as I recognized all the players and what they had done--or failed to do--out of stupidity, fear, or treason.

I recognized the interagency connection through the Wikileaks cables, and saw how General Dell Dailey, who had been commander of Joint Special Operations Command (JSOC) and charged with finding international terrorist banking networks, had failed to utilize Birkenfeld or his intelligence materials. What was fascinating to me was General Dailey had then been made Ambassador Dailey and President G.W. Bush's Coordinator for Counterterrorism at the State Department, and begun to discuss, analyze, and construct political objectives around the UBS-Switzerland-Terrorist Financing implications Birkenfeld had disclosed, through various interagency State Department cables.

JSOC Commander Stanley McChrystal also failed to track the UBS connection. Strange. These discussions occurred as the financial crisis was heating up in 2008, and suggested that Birkenfeld's disclosures to Carl Levin and Barack Obama's Senate Subcommittee on Investigations about the UBS-Terrorist Finance link (and tax matters) could be a threat to global financial stability--and therefore could not be tolerated.

What was fascinating about this to me was the fact that I had worked for Ambassador Dailey at the State Department Counterterrorism Office at the time as his Liaison Officer to U.S. Special Operations Command. So I knew everything the State Department and USSOCOM was doing in this area--which amounted to nothing with regard to Birkenfeld's intelligence. The same was true for U.S. Central Command in Tampa, when I worked as a Counterterrorist Finance Analyst.

Later under President Obama, Hillary Clinton became Secretary of State and in 2009 agreed to have Birkenfeld made part of a "political solution" (which meant prosecuting and silencing him through Attorney General Eric Holder) which entailed having two Chinese Uighars (Muslim extremists) held at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba relocated to Switzerland as well as the U.S. being given preferential status on a Swiss financial treaty. In exchange, Switzerland's UBS was given a "deferred prosecution" and a fine by Eric Holder and Lanny Breuer (who should have recused themselves because of their prior legal work for UBS at their law firm Covington and Burling).

I saw the forged letter sent to UBS (which in actuality was an assassination attempt against Birkenfeld) and recognized the bloody paw prints of the Department of Justice and CIA based on the format and timing and trajectory of the letter (CIA substation in the Embassy of Bern). Most likely covert intelligence agencies were using Union Bank of Switzerland (and other foreign banks) accounts and Birkenfeld's revelations threatened their unchecked, unregulated, and most likely unconstitutional activities.

Now here, once again, is where the story takes the most bizarre turn of all--and should immediately trigger the Congress to hold an investigative hearing.

In an eerily fascinating coincidence--or Divine appointment--it appears that Edward Snowden, the Booz Allen Hamilton contractor at the National Security Agency who turned "whistleblower" and revealed to the British Newspaper the Guardian various domestic surveillance programs used by NSA on American citizens, also saw CIA operations in Switzerland involving Brad Birkenfeld (See The Guardian, Saturday, June 8, 2013, "Edward Snowden: the whistleblower behind the NSA surveillance revelations" by Glenn Greenwald, Ewen MacAskill, and Laura Poitras in Hong Kong).

Snowden describes a particularly formative--and disheartening--incident in which he claimed CIA operatives attempted to recruit a Swiss banker to obtain secret banking information by getting him drunk, encouraging him to drive, and then rescuing him from the ensuing D.U.I. charge after he was arrested. This was meant to entrap the banker for exploitation purposes, and parallels exactly with Brad Birkenfeld's description of his incident.

As an computer network security expert with diplomatic cover and a security clearance, Snowden saw all of the intelligence reports, cables, and discussions revolving around the Swiss banker target (Birkenfeld), and no doubt became soured by the obscene arrogance and plot to betray Birkenfeld through a fraudulent letter sent to UBS; as well as the later false prosecution against him. Snowden would have seen this as not only contradicting the Constitution of the United States, but contemptuously undermining it by indirectly facilitating the arrest, prosecution, and possible assassination of an American citizen--who happens to work as a Swiss Banker.

So many Intelligence agencies and departments were conspicuously missing (or hiding) from Birkenfeld's case, I wondered if counter-terrorist financing operations existed anywhere other than on paper. The agencies which should have taken the lead in examining Birkenfeld's materials were nowhere to be seen, and had never once communicated with him. Astoundingly the Department of Treasury's Office of Terrorism and Financial Intelligence (which I had worked with at U.S. Central Command and had been created to undercut the financial underpinnings of terrorism worldwide) had never debriefed Birkenfeld or analyzed his financial intelligence materials.

Also absent was the National Counterterrorism Center (NCTC), which I had also worked with closely while at the State Department Counterterrorism Office. NCTC was the primary organization in the U.S. Government for integrating and analyzing all intelligence possessed or acquired pertaining to terrorism (according to the U.S. Joint Counterterrorism manual and military doctrine). Also missing was the Defense Intelligence Operations Coordination Center (DIOCC), which was the lead Department of Defense (DoD) intelligence organization responsible for integrating and synchronizing military intelligence and national intelligence capabilities in support of the combatant commands. Most striking was the absence of the Director of National Intelligence (DNI), the very man who had been appointed to oversee the reorganization of the Intelligence Community (IC) and better integrate the IC's efforts into a more unified, coordinated, and effective body after the supposed terrorist attacks on September 11th. No interagency teams of any military commands (SOCOM, JSOC, CENTCOM, CAPOC, EUCOM, etc.) had been informed about Birkenfeld, which I immediately blamed on Senator Carl Levin and President Obama whose Senate Subcommittee on Investigations had been the one to investigate Birkenfeld.

Most offensive was that Senator Levin had also been on the Senate Armed Services Committee, and yet never reported any of this intelligence to the Armed Services. It sickened me, not because of the incompetence I had become used to seeing in the circles of political and military leadership, but because I knew soldiers, sailors, airmen, and marines had died, lost limbs, and had their families torn apart because financial intelligence had been either ignored or buried which could have stopped the attacks against them. Birkenfeld's materials had sadly become a "Schindler's List" that was burned before it could save.

Despite the fact that Birkenfeld was a "High Value Individual" to the military targeting process, and could have yielded information about the hierarchical structure, vulnerabilities, and capabilities of terrorist finance networks--and thereby greatly empowered U.S. Special Operations Command's Center for Special Operations (CSO), which is the fusion point for DoD synchronization efforts, intelligence, and long-range planning and strategy--all of this life-preserving information Birkenfeld had offered had been locked-away behind the bars of a jail cell by Eric Holder's Department of Justice.

Booz Allen Hamilton also was to blame, for its Counterterrorist Finance Training powerpoint presentation seemed to plagiarize much of Birkenfeld's materials disclosed in the State Department Wikileaks cables, yet never identified him or UBS as the solution the military had contracted them--and me--to discover. Strange indeed.

After months of long talks, Birkenfeld and I decided the information had to get out to the military and the American people; and Congress was constitutionally obligated to investigate the matter. Although we represented two different plots, when put together they became an almost unbelievable story of corruption, cowardice, incompetence, or treason. And for the sake of our servicemen, we had to tell it.

The failure to utilize Birkenfeld's UBS terrorist finance intelligence was not only a major discovery, but an ongoing threat that was negatively affecting the war, our troops and allies, and our domestic stability--never mind tranquility. We were convinced either a massive cover-up, or an intolerable incompetence was occurring, and felt convicted to report it. If not us, who? If not now, when? But how? The wisdom of Reagan comfortingly advised. The American people, quick to hear, slow to speak, would be our audience, not the political class leaching off them under the deception of leadership.

Once Americans were informed, they would want to know how and why this failure had been allowed to occur in the first place; who was responsible; and how--if at all--it was being rectified. Fathers, mothers, and spouses of dead and crippled service members and contractors would be especially demanding of answers...and they deserved them.

Over the next month, Birkenfeld and I sat down and began to draft a letter. A letter we knew might be received like a brick through a stained glass window. A letter we hoped would illuminate minds and the political landscape about Dick Cheney's self-fulfilling prophecy of a "100 years war" (incidentally now made official U.S. policy by President Obama) like all the firework displays since 1776 combined. A letter that would depict us as either patriotic Americans protecting their country by addressing its vulnerabilities; or as the "running woman" in Apple Computer's classic "1984" advertisement, chased by uniformed goons, and flinging a sledgehammer through the enormous video screen mind-numbing the gawking masses with dreadful Homeland Security Threat Level propaganda and Patriot Act double-talk.

We reasoned the best person to address the letter to would be Marine General James Mattis, Commander of U.S. Central Command. He had replaced General David Petraeus as commander of the Iraq-Afghanistan wars, had been in the fight since the beginning, and could put the information we had to instantaneous good use. Additionally, I knew John M. Custer, III, who was director of intelligence at U.S. Central Command, would also either find this information damning or liberating, since he had stated how unhelpful--if not counterproductive--the CIA group NCTC had been in providing the military with useful information to prosecute the wars.

Like any delicate instrument of explosive ordnance (in this case a projectile of words and images) the letter and plan of delivery and follow-up actions were exhaustively diagramed, calculated, and revised for maximum effect and speed. Finally it was finished, loaded, and fired-off on August 1, 2012--the day Brad Birkenfeld walked out of prison a free man. Since Brad had already been double-crossed by the Justice Department when he had originally given them the intelligence, we thought it prudent to have him surface a second time after he was out of their clutches, and had space to maneuver. No telling what they might have done otherwise.

The letter read as follows, more or less:

Dear General Mattis:

I am writing you to share with you an urgent matter that involves your command and mission and soldiers involved in combatting Terrorist Threat Finance networks and operations.

WHO AM I?

I am Brad Birkenfeld, the UBS whistleblower, who brought to our government's attention the largest international banking tax fraud in U.S. history. Despite my repeated requests, it seems the intelligence materials and information I provided to Senator Carl Levin's Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations and Armed Forces Committee, was never shared with you.

WHY AM I WRITING?

I believe the materials I provided to the government are critical to the military's mission.

The other agencies involved include:
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE: Attorney General Eric Holder; AUSA Kevin O'Connor; AUSA Kevin Downing. Holder gave a deferred prosecution to UBS, and also worked for them in private practice.

STATE DEPARTMENT: Hillary Clinton made an arrangement to transfer two Chinese Uighar terrorists from Guantanamo Bay Cuba to Switzerland as part of a political settlement.

Department of Treasury: Timothy Geitner provided UBS with U.S. taxpayer funds as part of their financial bailout.

PRESIDENT OBAMA: Also involved from his membership on the Senate Investigations Committee, and using UBS as a financial donor to his Presidential campaign.

I understand the Counter Threat Finance mission is managed by Booz Allen Hamilton, specifically Mike Maravilla, William Lubliner, Troy Hensely, Bob Thompson, and others.

I believe the information I have to share will reveal possible "aide and comfort given to the enemy" and therefore must be investigated. I invite you to debrief me in Washington DC through my lawyers Steven Kohn and David Colapinto.

I look forward to hearing from you about this very urgent matter.

Sincerely,
Brad Birkenfeld

Other points were discussed, but will not be mentioned here.

It's interesting to note that approximately a month or so after sending this letter to General Mattis at U.S. Central Command, Brad Birkenfeld was conveniently paid \$104 million dollars for his assistance to the IRS in recovering overseas taxes, and other services. Of course it was a reward he more than earned, given the suffering he had endured at the hands of the Justice Department in prison.

Two months later, on September 25, 2012, I wrote an official Army Intelligence Report (unclassified) to General Jeffrey Jacobs, Commander of U.S. Civil Affairs-Psychological Operations Command, disclosing and analyzing all the materials I had discovered from Birkenfeld's case file, as well as my experience as a Threat Finance Analyst at U.S. Central Command's Interagency group. My recommendations included: immediate debriefing of Birkenfeld; reporting the matter

to Department of Defense Inspector General, Lynne Halbrooks, as well as to the House and Senate Armed Services Committees, Oversight and Reform Committees, Intelligence Committees, Judiciary Committees, and Homeland Security Committees (and various Congressional leaders). It was recommended that a hearing be convened that allowed Birkenfeld and myself to present our discoveries and its relevance to the Terrorist Threat Finance operations within the military.

A month went by, and no response was given to me by the military. I then mailed the report to General Martin Dempsey, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and General Ray Odierno, Chief of the Army, and Inspector General Lynne Halbrooks at the Pentagon. Again, no response was given whatsoever. Apparently the U.S. military's highest levels of leadership were adamantly opposed to ever examining the matter out of fear of political blowback. This was unacceptable.

Since the military were refusing to act, I reached out to the various members of Congress and Committees myself (see attached list of names), and filed it as a "Whistleblowing Report" to the Inspector General, DoD.

Over the next six (6) months, I mailed stacks of letters and copies of my report to members of the U.S. House of Representatives, the U.S. Senate, and the Committees on Armed Services, Intelligence, Foreign Relations, Homeland Security, Finance, and Government Affairs and Oversight. Astoundingly, I never received a single response, or even acknowledgment of receipt, from anyone except one lone Senator from the great state of Kentucky...Rand Paul. Needless to say I was absolutely dumbfounded.

Switching gears, I figured since the military and Congress obviously weren't interested, the media would be--both in the story and that the U.S. Government was ignoring or hiding it.

If there was a more media-worthy story than the intentional or negligent suppression of terrorist financial intelligence by a U.S. Government bureaucracy, and consequential crippling of the U.S. military in this particular arena, I would gladly surrender column space and bandwidth. But I was quite certain there wasn't, and isn't, and won't be in the next month (Of course the CIA and its President are quite adept at making illusion seem real). The question would be is the media sufficiently saavy and patriotic to publish the report. Time would tell.

After careful thought and discussion, I sent the report to the one network I thought would be most curious, based on their adamant constitutionalism, love of country, and hyperactive--if not hysterical--faith in the military: Fox News.

I sent material to nearly everyone in the network whom I thought had the intelligence to understand it, and the gumption to do something about it: Sean Hannity, Bill O'Reilly, Greta Van Susteren, S.E. Cupp, Monica Crowley, Chris Wallace, Bill Kristol (both at Fox and the Weekly Standard), Fred Barnes, Charles Krauthammer, Brit Hume, Neil Cavuto, Mike Huckabee, Rush Limbaugh, and a few others. Not a single person at Fox News responded.

I could understand, and appreciate, the Obama adoring mainstream media hiding and avoiding the issue, but was amazed at Fox News' collective decision to remain silent. But it also confirmed to me that the media fundamentally do not want the "War on Terrorism" to ever end because they can't live without it; because essentially they feed off of the fear and subserviance it cultivates in the masses. In order to remain relevant TV commentators and journalists demand the public's rapt attention with panic, and then lull them into opinions that are androgynous, dull, and enslaved by political-correctness--another politically "incorrect" insight gained from this experience.

I can honestly say I was rather shocked, and even morally offended to some degree, since I had always been more than "right-of-center" in my conservative philosophy (but even that has admittedly been somewhat recalibrated as a result of this sojourn); and now it seemed, sadly, the notorious "Fair and Balanced" self-branding of Fox News was all talk and no action; more fantasy than reality--no doubt for advertising niche purposes and Nielsen racketeering. They decided not to report to you.

So, since not a single "Stars-n-Stripes" flag-draped, 1st Amendment champion at Fox ever responded, I sent the report out to the rest of the American media, newspapers, and networks. I mailed it to CNN's Jim Cafferty (Cafferty File); Wall Street Journal's Roger Ailes, Rupert Murdoch, and others; USA Today's Tom Vandebrook; The New York Times' Michael Hastings; L.A. Times; Washington Post; The Hill; Roll Call; GQ Magazine; Vanity Fair; Rolling Stone; and others (see attached list).

I also sent it to parties who might be more critical and proactive regarding President Obama's abuse of power and depraved indifference. These included Republican National Committee Chairman Rience Priebus; Presidential Nominee Mitt Romney; Vice Presidential Nominee Paul Ryan; Talk-Radio hosts Glenn Beck, Laura Ingram, Dick Morris; and a few others. Again no response from anyone whatsoever. Dead silence.

With my faith in the media's right to exist sufficiently shattered, I turned to the two Washington D.C. Think-Tanks I had personally worked with in the past to analyze and expose the issues: Heritage Foundation, and Family Research Council. They had provided me with the social science research data I cited in my reports on the negative and harmful impact of the military's policy (later a causative factor in the Benghazi, Libya U.S. Embassy attacks).

Therefore I assumed they would welcome the opportunity to defend their scholarly work and reputation, particularly since it was the basis for their non-profit, tax-exempt status as a public-service watchdog; and was constantly paraded on front of wealthy donors (and middle-class families) to justify the glutinous six-figure salaries of the "Academics" who worked there.

At Heritage Foundation, I sent it to President Ed Feulner, then Jim DeMint, and James Carafano. At Family Research Council, I sent it to President Tony Perkins, Peter Sprigg, and Lt. General Jerry Boykin (Army-retired). I also sent a copy to Wayne LaPierre at the National Rifle Association, given the confiscation of guns that was a variable in the government's equation for constitutional dissolution.

For the umpteenth time, and with a disturbing consistency, I received no response or receipt of materials whatsoever. I was flabbergasted, since a more sickening hypocrisy I could not imagine.

For a "conservative, Constitutionalist, and Christian" Think-Tank to ignore--and thereby tolerate--the ideological corrosion which eventually would destroy its own ability to function and exist, seemed to me like organizational suicide, akin to the Titanic orchestra playing amidst the sinking. I could almost hear the violins. And their music was the truth of men being "white-washed tombs full of dead men's bones; a cup clean on the outside, but filthy on the inside." Or as one particularly perceptive philosopher observed concerning the nature of the "noble" political, military, and media elites, "A nest o schemin' bastards who couldny agree on the color-o-shite."²

Funny as it may sound, "Falling-overboard-at-midnight-into-the-middle-of-the-Atlantic-Ocean" was probably the best analogy I could conceive to describe the experience of a whistleblower's rejection by his government; and my feelings resulting from it.

It seemed the "safe" of secrets (UBS-Terrorist Finance Networks; Benghazi, Libya attack) I had discovered and struggled to carry-up to the carefree "upper-class" aboard the cocktail-cruise ship "Washington D.C.", in the hope they would analyze and report its contents to the rest of the American passengers, was instead fearfully viewed as a ticking-timebomb; then chained around my neck and hastily kicked over the ship's side in the futile hope it would disappear forever beneath the black waters of silent ignorance.

I was yanked-off the deck, splashed headfirst, and spiralled down through its bottomless, icy depths of despair, terror, and agonizing aloneness; free-falling for miles, then feeling in the darkness the cushioning sand press against my back as I came to rest upon the ocean floor. Staring up, the desire for life seeming to dim and flicker, I could see floating down after me--chasing me through the deep--thousands of lifeless soldiers, sailors, airmen, and marines--their outstretched arms reaching vainly for the surface, their eyes rolled-back white and mouths agape--frozen in the shocked expression of meeting death; sinking and settling round about me like snowflakes in a glass-ball. I was the only living soul trapped in a haunted graveyard at the bottom of an inky abyss, imprisoned with thousands of furious ghosts, screaming at me from other dimensions, trying to scrawl messages in the sandy floor with clawed fingers puppeted by the sea current as they dragged.

At last, I had reached the bottom, sank to the lowest point in my history, and arrived at the threshold of oblivion. It wasn't a sudden, stumbling fall into Conrad's "Heart of Darkness", but more of an unnoticed, gradual descent; merging into a whirlpool of suffering leading to the pit of hopelessness.

I began to drift into a catatonic complacency, and thought how tragically sad--and criminal--it was that the American people might never know anything about this story. That they might never see the piles of letters showing how their politicians, their media, and their highest ranking military seemed to be conspiring to hide from them a whistleblowing report essential to their national security (Since the only explanation for their unresponsiveness was either: my mail not being received; or it being received, acknowledged, and then intentionally ignored out of some agenda or blind stupidity.). "For their own good," no doubt would be some bureaucrat's arrogant answer.

Drearily I wondered who would rise up in the sea of men to inform them? Who had the faith to stand against the powers that be? Who had the strength, the aggression, and the patience to hammer away at the government's "damn" of denial until it began to crack and truth trickle through, then explode in a deluge of disclosures and public hearings? By design, there seemed now to be no bold men of righteous conviction left in "Modern" America: no manly virtue in military warriors; no brilliant philosophers in Congress; no morally critical or transcendently imaginative writers in the yellowing ivory towers of academia, think-tanks, and journalism.

Instead, when it came to "thinking" talent, America seemed to be left with the refuse of T.S. Elliot's "Wasteland", rather than the spires of Plato's Republic; and the nation's character was beginning to reflect it. Under the distorting pressure of political-correctness, spiteful feminism, and rabid hedonism, America's mythic image of "Davy Crockett's 'rugged, self-reliant frontiersman'" was melting and marring into "Dorien Gray's 'enslaved, foppish vanity'"--becoming a grotesque perversion of its former self.

But then, I thought, perhaps it was all meant to be; and surrendering the fight and ceasing my questions was better for me--politically, professionally, and financially. Perhaps it was time to take the "Leftist's" blue pill and return to "The Matrix"; choose the Lotus flower eater's life of dreams, swallow the "Soma", and ease into amnesia like a warm bath. Perhaps trying to preserve America's heritage of moral vitality and spiritual virility was like trying to defend sandcastle's from the tide's corrosion. Perhaps it was someone else's fight, not mine. And besides, if so many other men in higher positions of power and authority and reputation were choosing the path of soft living, passing the buck, and playing a shell game with responsibility, why shouldn't I?

As I was about to yield to the seductive sophisms--my willpower blurring, my powers of reason drooping--inching me closer to the edge of compromise, a thought grabbed me from behind by the scruff of the neck and held me back. The words which came to mind--and the film scene depicting them--illustrated the crippling cost of compromise, as well as the reward of victory which comes by refusing to.

Once more, "Braveheart", seemed to provide the intellectual adrenaline shot to counteract the bromide of political appeasement.

The scene takes place in a Scottish Castle's Great Hall, swarming with rival clan leaders (The Scottish kind). Standing amidst a yelling match between three different competing factions, arguing for hereditary recognition and its accompanying power, a lone, quiet Highlander Commoner (who, incidentally, has just been decorated for starting a rebellion against an unlawful, tyrannical, authoritarian government) calmly announces he will attack the oppressor on his own ground, triggering an eruption of jeers and mocking laughter.

The Highlander instantly and growlingly confronts and silences the arrogant cynicism with cutting words that command introspection. He proclaims, and brands them, with the assessment:

"Why is that impossible?...You're so concerned about squabbling-for-the-scrap of Longshanks' (Obama's) table that you've missed your God-given right to something better...there's a difference between us: you believe the people of this country exist to provide you with position; I believe your position exists to provide those people with freedom...and I go to see that they have it."

Wallace, the Highlander, glowers at the stunned audience of aristocrats, turns around, and marches out--his men-of-war in tow.

Whether from subconscious regurgitation or Divine inspiration, those words and scene seemed to speak volumes, and were precisely what I needed at that moment. It was a bull's-eye statement which, I thought, captured what ought to be said to every member of the military, U.S. Congress, and the media who, for over eight (8) months, had cowered away from my report out of self-interest; out of fear of jeopardizing their own position, influence, wealth, and future retirement. Instead of serving the American people by informing them (and thereby respecting them enough to decide its resolution),

the Pentagon career-ladder-climbers (military), the Political game-show hosts (Congress), and the sensational-soundbite parasites (media) had chosen the easier path...and it made all the difference, as Robert Frost might conclude.

They had been given notice, shown evidence, asked--if not demanded--to investigate and report to the American people new information that was killing their sons and daughters, stealing their money, corrupting their government, and violating their national security...and yet they did absolutely nothing whatsoever in response. Worse, they ignored it and tried to cover it up.

However they seemed also to forget that through the global community of the internet, Pandora's Box--once opened--never closes, and after the truth gets out to the "common man", the cover-up is always worse than the crime. It is the nature of man to seek out and know the truth, especially after he learns others are trying to hide it from him out of contempt and selfishness. Then he really digs deep.

Suddenly I was shocked back to life--electrocuted out of my coma of self-pity and nihilistic surrender--by the lesson of the "Great Hall" confrontation. The battle-of-will between the morally simplistic--yet cunning--Highlander-Farmer Wallace, and the morally compromising political opportunists, seemed to parallel my own situation; and confirmed the deceit, cowardice, and self-serving agendas I may inevitably have to engage and artfully redirect. It was the slap-in-the-face lesson on political warfare and subsequent second-wind I needed for the fight soon to come. It clarified both my philosophical identity and dilemma, and the psychosociological rationale for the government's refusal to respond. It exposed the hidden story behind the fantasy of war I had been emotionally "waterboarded" into believing by faschistic legislation, and the faschistic implications if it was not repealed and recalibrated.

Alas, Blake's "Doors of Perception" (as Jim Morrison had lyricized) were unexpectedly opened--blasted-off-their-hinges open, in fact--and I was, for the first time, seeing everything as it really was; and as I was meant to see it all along. It appeared that like light versus darkness, fire versus water, the clash between the morally convicted and the morally corrupted was to be expected, was natural, and was constant--and would remain so--so long as the world turns (unredeemed).

And it was a test of character. Down into the depths of the abyss of rejection I had been sunk and there found myself staring straight into the unblinking, fang-bearing face of my Leviathan adversary; and thereby discovered my true self.

I now had a choice: remain hidden and do nothing, or emerge and do something. Either wield the sword, engage the battle, and attack relentlessly--publishing my story myself to vindicate me; or disengage and abandon the story, and remain careless--and defeated--in leisure.

Would I choose Odysseus or Rumpelstiltskin to model my life and character after? Would I choose as my ship a man-of-war and lash myself to its splintered mast and endure the ocean typhoon's deafening lightning strikes and thrashings as I broke through and charted the forbidden realm of political-military-contractor corruption?

Or would I choose an oarless rowboat, sit quietly with folded hands, crossed-eyes, and plugged ears, and drift aimlessly down the green backwater swamp of spiritual timidity and lifeless honor?

As much as I generally dislike--as any normal man would--the dizzying nausea which comes from the rough seas of life, it was a moral choice. Therefore for my family's honor--and without much hesitation--and since surrender is never an option when it comes to truth, I chose Odysseus and embraced the storm to come. For it is in great suffering that we are brought closest to God, and our raw manhood refined. While it is in the softness of luxury and laziness that our life force drains and intellectual vitality decays.

It seemed as though the nation was fast approaching a reef, and was one crisis away from self-inflicting martial law in a pathological effort to amputate its gangrenous fear of terrorism. The Boston Marathon bombings and total city lockdown was the precedent and model--and most alarmingly the excuse to violate people's constitutional rights to privacy via forced home-searches without any semblance of a warrant. The writing was on the wall: on the scales of justice our golden freedoms were being outweighed by the worthless lead of promised safety from a menace that truly never existed. It seemed also to spell out the words "FALSE FLAG OPERATION".

As an officer of the United States Army my duty is to at least try to do something about it. But what? What could a solitary soldier do who was being ignored and his information buried by the very same government he had sworn to protect? If indeed a nation's moral character is reflected in its laws, in this case the U.S. Constitution, and these laws are manipulated to savage its own military officers for doing their duty to the best of their ability to "support and defend" these very laws in good faith, honor, and diligence, how can it be said that we have not degenerated into an Alice in Wonderland type of "Off with their heads!" nation--and culture--of contradiction, ruthlessness, and self-destruction? Furthermore, if an active military member cannot be prosecuted by a civilian Department of Justice in a civilian court for specific acts undertaken as part of, and necessary to, his military function, then how was I imprisoned? Would the next stage be army tank drivers being given speeding tickets in a battle, snipers being charged with murder, and soldiers being charged with federal "Making a False Statement" charges whenever a form they filled out was technically deficient? Obviously it was the agenda, since it was precisely what had happened to me.

Worst of all, it set a precedent for the Executive Branch to overstep its authority using the Judiciary to erode the Legislative Branch (Congress), and perform political surgery upon the military at will.

Since this could quicken a coup d'etat and sweep away America's democratic chessboard, I had to engage--even if it meant going it alone. I was bound and determined (as my dear mother would say) to carry this burdening secret up from the depths and share it with all who had a son or daughter, mom or dad, family or friend,

who had served in the Iraq-Afghanistan conflicts (intentionally not labeled "wars" in order to avoid Congress's control), especially those who had been damaged or killed by the fighting.

So what could I do? Simple: go directly to the government's boss--to the people--and speak directly to them; announce the harm being done, and the shameful cover-up being perpetrated against them. I would write letters. Training was over.

I would write until my fingers bled and eyes failed, unrelentingly, to everyone about what I had uncovered, for as long as it took. I would shift into high-gear and write whistleblowing letters, reports, and articles that felt like long earthquakes, that sounded like flash-bang explosions, and that looked like solar eclipses. I would seize, shock, and awe--mesmerizing the reader's subconscious with almost occultic insight--as they were shaken awake and stirred by a supernatural authority.

I would compose the most powerful symphonies of language my being was capable of generating--seductively eloquent and irresistably penetrating. I would unleash the imagination in ways never before felt, and win hearts and minds by expressing truth through mythopoetic, psychophysiological, and multidimensional words.

And these words I would hurl at every politician, judge, and military officer who swore allegiance to the Constitution of the United States; at every media organization whose charter was the First Amendment; and at every journalist, scribe, and scholar who claimed to know how to write.

Like David loading his sling with five stones in preparation for Goliath and his four brothers, so would I load my prison-provided typewriter with paper and go out on the field of ideas and challenge the "uncircumcised" domestic enemies of the U.S. Constitution, and the eternal liberties it enshrined.

I would take aim at the five giants oppressing the story: The Department of Justice, the Congress, the White House, the media, and the military bureaucracy. Like tar-dipped, flaming stones I would sling letters at every public official, military leader, and media pundit until they broke ranks (preferably after they were "flanked" by allies) and were exposed to the American taxpayer for who they were and what they had done.

And for those who tried to discredit Brad Birkenfeld or me, distort the report or supporting documents, or blatantly lie to "cover their ass" (so prevalent a vice in Washington D.C. politics today it seems), I would simply--and respectfully--let loose the facts to speak for and defend themselves...which could quite possibly resemble, metaphorically speaking of course, Killer Whales with seals before the feast--tossing about, whacking, and belly-flopping upon their stunned hapless prey.

With that teathy reward in mind, up from the sandy nadir of my abyss of rejection I launched, and began my return to the shimmering light of public exposure, swimming toward the surface--each letter a kick and stroke--furiously clawing and pulling my way upwards through the darkness, the heavy safe holding the UBS-Terrorist Finance and Benghazi PSYOP secrets still chained around my neck like Jacob Marley's burden, every fiber of my being straining to carry the weight--my neck veins bulging like suspension bridge cables as I typed and wrung my brain of information like a soaked towel--as I slowly reached the surface, and at last broke through in a splashing explosion...the completion of this report you now read before you.

Floating atop the water on my back, smiling in the sunshine and breathing in the fresh salty air of peace and satisfaction (somewhat similar to "Forest Gump's" Lieutenant Dan after the shrimpboat storm and his tirade atop the mast), and savoring the old writer's sayings of "That which is not written with great effort is not read with great pleasure", and "I do not necessarily enjoy writing, but rather having written", I mused on the journey so far.

The essence of it seemed to be, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." Psalm 119.

I understood that to stand for something means inherently to defend it. And to defend the true, the good, and the beautiful (The Aganon, as described by the Greeks), means to confront the false, the bad, and the repugnant; and that confrontation is right when done out of service to one's country, not for selfish gain, pride, or vengeance. And that there is Divine purpose behind all betrayal, suffering, and endurance.

The purpose seemed to confirm, "What some meant for evil, God meant for good", and how Joseph's fall into the cave, betrayals, and decade of imprisonment in Pharaoh's dungeon was needed before he could be called upon to serve as Prime Minister of Egypt. A familiar biblical story now seemed to be translating into my own personal pilgrimage. Although I had no such political ambitions (at least not yet), I couldn't disagree with the fact that my fortitude, patience, and lucidity had been greatly enhanced by this experience of suffering and isolation. I had not languished, but intensified; not become embittered, but battle-hardened in my determination to fight on, demand recognition of the report, and publish the entire story for all Americans to read. There would be no classification of my material to hide it from people's eyes under the deception of "National Security Sensitive"--since my discovery had come mostly while in prison, and accidentally (or Divinely, depending on your spiritual maturity). So no one could have it--or me--sealed and gagged.

The time in prison had been well spent in fact, and unexpectedly resourceful. It had reintroduced me to the romance of writing: caressing typewriter keys, kissing paper with inky blushes, fondling words to penetrate meaning--wheedling inside the slippery warmth of truth with new thrilling perspectives and twilight sighs of feeling--and impregnating minds with wisdom.

The process of the butterfly's birth also came to mind. Specifically, how it must be left alone--and never helped--to escape its cocoon, straining to the point of near-death exhaustion as it squeezes through the small hole in order to push fluid into its new wings and inflate them with the beautiful colors and power of flight they were designed for all to see and marvel at.

If spared this struggle, its metamorphosis is crippled and its wings stunted into shriveled impediments that sentence it to death. I was grateful now for the struggle, since I could see the colors brightening and feel the wind uplifting. And I knew like Sir Alec Guinness in "Bridge on the River Kwai", I would emerge from this sweltering solitary confinement prison cell with classic British bearing and eloquent defiance.

However, there was still some serious fighting left to do in the meantime. Truth was both my weapon and my endstate. Recalling my journey thus far: my fall into the abyss, my sinking into despair, my reawakening, and my return to the present surface awareness, I returned my eyes to the source of my fall...the pleasure cruise ship of Washington D.C. drifting sleepily in the distance. With a smirk, and a new battleplan, I began swimming toward it.

With a new zealous enthusiasm and hard edge in mind, I would climb back aboard from below (with Birkenfeld parachuting in from above), drop the "safe" upon the deck with a laughter-silencing thud, rip it open before them, reach inside, and slam the "dead cat" of indictment upon their table of taxpayer funded riotus feasting. Of course they would try and run away and hide from it as if it was a crazed porcupine on fire rampaging through a nudist colony, but they couldn't get far. The papertrails I created would provide evidence for the hunt. And the American taxpayer would be the hunter. My job would be to make sure every politician, military commander, and media pundit was exposed to the report, so that nobody could claim ignorance and hide the nakedness of their shameful retreat under the blanket of "plausible deniability." They would be seen for knowing, and all responsible Americans would demand an explanation.

It was not about fixing the problem anymore or analyzing the issue, it was about exposing the men who "fixed the game" to fail from the beginning: The Department of Justice, the Intelligence Community, Senator Carl Levin, President Obama, and the defense contractor Booz Allen Hamilton.

After everything came out, then the American people would have the choice of forgiving them, or disciplining them and casting them out of office and into prison (for those guilty of "serious crimes and misdemeanors") and/or be impeached. But at least average Americans would have the choice, and not the millionaire boys club of Washington D.C.

Strange as it may seem, it was not until I looked up amidst a meditative outdoor walk one day and beheld a familiar "Sign-in-the-Heavens" that I recognized what had really been happening to me, why, and most importantly what I was now expected to do with the experience.

Chatting and pondering with a couple friends (one of whom an intelligence analyst whose material implicating U.S. government involvement in the September 11th World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks is more than compelling) the mysterious cosmic forces which seemed to have had brought us together like some episode of "LOST" (the TV show), I reflected on how my original military mission had been to defeat my nation's enemy by strangling his money--to put it simply. And that I was to do this by discovering, analyzing, and terminating terrorist finance operations, networks, and individuals. As fate would have it, at that precise moment of internal thought, one of my friends stopped mid-sentence, pointed overhead, and announced "...and 'X' marks the spot!" Intrigued, I glanced up and discovered a sort of coat-of-arms symbol in the sky which seemed to proclaim a subtle message only I could feel; a message that appeared as two planes' white exhaust trails crossed in a cloudless sea of blue, forming an immense 'X' with the center point descending directly upon us unusually fast.

It may not have been a voice on high saying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased" type message, but it was certainly close. It was close because the symbol was a deeply personal one for me; it was the symbol of the flag of Scotland--a white 'X' on a blue field--and the country of my birth.

I could almost hear the "Thus Saith Zarathustra" music transform the image into ephiphany, and stand my hairs to attention.

Smilingly gazing up at the sky-written sign of my origin, I recognized my destiny, and understood what next I must do. I realized in a moment of thunder-clapping clarity that I had been brought here to finish my mission, not in spite of it. I realized that by investigating, analyzing, reporting, and following-up on Birkenfeld's UBS-Terrorist Finance intelligence, I was still on mission, continuing to do my duty, and fulfilling my oath as an officer--despite the imprisonment inflicted upon me by my own government. For reasons I couldn't quite fully fathom myself, I was still obeying my original orders, honoring my uniform and flag, and serving my country.

The irony--or miracle--was that it was only after I had been locked-up in a federal prison for a paperwork discrepancy on a single military housing form (violating every Constitutional principle and civil liberty imaginable) that I was able to discover the materials which would enable me to achieve my objective and protect my nation against terrorism--my reason for joining the army in the first place.

I had deciphered State Department cables which no one else could, and discovered a "DaVinci Code" level secret. In that discovery, I had been given a choice: either hide and ignore Birkenfeld's revelations and commit acts of omission by allowing terrorists to shed American blood through continuing their finance operations; or articulate and communicate the life and death implications of the intelligence, and expose it to the American people for judgment. Fortunately for the nation, my mother's upbringing led me to do the latter.

In this case the "job" had been originally assigned to me by President Obama and the military, except they didn't expect me to continue "working the problem" after they threw me in jail. Most likely they expected me to curl-up into a fetus position and be passive. But as Ronald Reagan would say years earlier about miscalculated political expectations, "They counted wrong."

Lee Van Cleef's line from "The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly" to his bed-ridden bounty-paying employer came to mind: "When somebody pays me to do a job...I always see it through", punctuating with the bang of his pistol.

During this trance-like meditation on the symbol in the sky, I recalled my oath as an officer; and my mentor Colonel Jeff Jones who had hired me out of the Bush Administration to join his Psychological Warfare team at Booz Allen Hamilton in Washington, D.C., and also helped arrange for my Army Direct Commission. It reminded me of a scene involving a similar scenario and moral dilemma.

The scene was from Tom Clancy's "Clear and Present Danger", in which Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford) is having an intimate and intense final death bed conversation with his mentor, the wheezing, half-conscious Navy Admiral and Director of the Central Intelligence Agency (James Earl Jones). Ryan is wrestling with the choice of either revealing the unconstitutional activities and betrayal of U.S. Special Operations troops (left to languish in a South American prison ironically enough) by a Machiavellian White House staff engaging in an artificially designed "War on Drug Cartels"; or simply remaining silent about the whole thing, and dramatically increasing his job security and political power through the accumulation of secrets, favors, and leverage. Struggling to find his moral center, Ryan confides in his old mentor and asks for guidance.

James Earl Jones whispers to Ryan in a last testament before he dies, "You..took..an oath...to the people...of the United States", and then fades quiet. Ryan nods in acknowledgment, as his mentor passes.

The memory of this scene was significant, because I too took such an oath, and swore to uphold it to my mentor, Colonel Jeff Jones (Commander, 4th Psychological Operations Group) before he died of brain cancer in 2010.

My oath was to "support and defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic." My oath was not to a tattered and stained piece of papyrus in a museum tatooed with the dreamy scribblings of old men in white wigs and knee-high stockings, but to God's eternal and inviolable Law which motivated and established this Constitution to maximize and protect mens' lives, happiness, and prosperity in America. The Constitution was not an iconoclastic memory, it is a living and active and unchanging (except through Amending) license which empowered me, as an individual, with the abilities to lawfully wield weapons to protect my family, property, and future; practice and perfect my gifts, talents, skills, and knowledge to make a living; and imagine, create, express and share everything and anything that fulfills me within the confines and boundaries (moral and material) of the Constitution. It was not a bridle to control me, it was a key that kept the chains of sloth and fear from restraining me. It was a blade that prevented man from being consumed and suffocated under the "red-tape" of excessive and pointless (and destructive) government regulations (federal, state, and local) like the insidiously coiling death-wrappings of a mummy. In short, it was the Law of the Land.

Colonel Jeff Jones was one of the most intelligent, gentlemanly, and imaginatively gifted leaders America has been blessed to have serve and wear the Army uniform.

He was also a genius at influencing target audiences, building brands, and synthesizing words, images, music, and feelings to change hearts and minds and obliterate the competing message. He was indeed a man modern Advertising agencies would either die to hire, or tremble and run from.

From classic campaigns throughout history, to contemporary statesmen, scholars, and military experts around the world, COL Jones knew everything and everyone associated with the subject of Psychological Warfare (modernly watered down to the weaker term psychological operation). He was revered by all in the community as the "Father of Modern PSYOP", and had been the architect of the campaigns in Grenada, Panama, Desert Storm I, Bosnia, and Haiti (and a few other skirmishes which must remain confidential).

COL Jones had first seen me during a Pentagon meeting when I stood up, posed a question, and challenged Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and Joint Chiefs Chairman General Dick Meyers about evolving psychological warfare to be more spiritually focussed. Shortly thereafter, COL Jones contacted me and asked if I would join a group and mission he was putting together with some Army Intelligence officers at Booz Allen Hamilton. He was very direct, professional, and skillfully blunt. He said he was assembling a small team of eclectic personalities and backgrounds to create a new kind of psychological warfare that utilized the mystical, psychosexual, and horror fantasies of the Muslim Extremist to define them as religious heretics ("Mufsidoon", in Arabic) and isolate them from the indigenous Muslim population (the Umma). The team would be united by their uncommon traits of ruthless dedication to destroy the enemy; mastery of scholarly research and writing techniques in order to analyze, communicate, and teach this psychological warfare against Islamic

extremism and terrorism to the State Department, the CIA, and military personnel--the three agencies essential to winning the war of ideas, and ones he knew intimately. His goal was to transform these agencies from neutered golden retrievers lazily sunbathing poolside into lean, dirty, ravenous wolves snarling and snapping for a bloody fight. He was determined to remove the bureaucratic retardation and willful indecision which was compromising--and defeating--the military's psychological warfare capabilities; and redefine, if not completely eliminate, Congress's micromanaging of the information war-- mainly because most American politicians had the queer defect of presenting American values not as "Adonis" to Muslim eyes, but rather a perverse "Punchinello". Plus given Islam's native fear and hostility towards the odd and magical, American efforts were naturally viewed as insidious and corrupt. Allowing politicians and bureaucrats to design artistic, multi-layered psychological warfare was like assigning thumbless mechanics to perform brain surgery. It was mutilating our image instead of healing our future. An example of this were advertisements put out by the State Department (under Hillary Clinton) in Benghazi, Libya using "inflammatory" language about homosexuality in its needed security contractors for hire. This of course outraged the Muslim Imams, which gave the Al Qaeda extremists the religious gasoline they could spray the crowds with. The advertisements were propagandized (or PSYOPed) into proof of an "American agenda to corrupt the sexual purity" of its Muslims--which is the most sacred (and contradictory) dimension of the Muslim spiritual life.

If anyone could accomplish this titanic task, it was COL Jones. Few men had inspired me with their intellect and character in the

past (aside from my Scottish grandfather), and COL Jones was one of them. Soon after meeting him, I left the Bush Administration, joined his team, and prepared for an adventure of the mind few men have endured. I worked in secret buildings, on floors that didn't exist, and devised psychological warfare projects for the State Department Coordinator of Counterterrorism and U.S. Special Operations Command that the public would never know about, and that the Muslim extremist would never recover from. Unfortunately, in researching and developing these psychological warfare products, some of the materials I was exposed to--in particular the unspeakably grisly Al Qaeda videos of "infidel torture"--I may never fully recover from, and will certainly never forget.

COL Jones wanted the best self-starting, creative, and aggressive team to dominate the defense contract market in Islamic counterterrorism communications. To do this, we had to watch, read, and understand everything the Islamic terrorist was brainwashed with, while maintaining the stone-cold detachment of a surgeon observing a medical operation...only in this case there was no anesthesia and the goal of the demoniacs was the thrill of inflicting agony on whomever they labeled "infidel".

For what seemed like days, I was placed into a Sensitive Compartmentalized Information Facility (SCIF), which is a kind of over-air conditioned, hyperbaric decompression chamber, where all sound from the outside world is absorbed from the air by foam cones and walls, achieving an almost otherworldly silence. It's like being in an airplane, with your ears feeling covered without the popping discomfort, while your voice is sucked out of the air. The only noise coming from the "Allah Akbar" chantings of the murderers and the screams and pleadings from their "infidel" (who are often Muslim Shia) victims.

I was shown video upon video of Islamic extremists sawing off the heads (and other limbs and appendages) of captured prisoners (Russian, Chinese, British, Danish, American), soldiers and civilians; and torturing European female contractors in the most vile, blood-curdling ways no human eyes should ever see. I'm not ashamed to say it gave me a hatred and desire for vengeance and merciless annihilation of every single Muslim terrorist (and their financial enablers) we encountered; and compelled me to accept a commission in the Army. After seeing these drug-induced, pornography addicted, terrorists dissect women and children (and perform other acts which will be constrained out of good taste) in ways which make Jack-the-Ripper seem like a sweet-voiced Vienna Choir boy, I emerged a changed man; not traumatized, but profoundly different. And if the American people ever saw the full scope of evil depravity and viciousness in these videos, they would not only change their views about Islamic extremism, but most likely compel the surgical use of nuclear weapons. Of course they might also crumple into thumb-sucking fetus positions of psychoneurosis as a result of the images (which is the reason given by bureaucrats to keep these videos classified), but my guess is Americans would gird-up the loins of their minds and be motivated to destroy the enemy like never before.

Another extremely valuable lesson this research and training taught me, which the army seems pathologically obsessed with ignoring, was that men and women should not be allowed under any circumstances--nevermind forced--to watch these videos together in the same SCIF chamber. It is painfully uncomfortable for the men especially; and cultivates a defensive posture in the women which restricts their ability to openly and spontaneously provide feedback, analysis, and deduce creative opportunities to exploit into counter-propaganda material--which is essential to the military commander and success of PSYOP missions.

Again, why is this not only allowed, but in fact often ordered by Higher Command? Because, as epidemic in America's modern military, the fever of political-correctness has blurred and disoriented military commander's minds to the point they have become stammering, emotionally castrated old men without any memory of raw manhood, or any hope or pleasure in it. This in turn causes them to reject natural womanhood (delicate femininity), as predicted in Karl Stern's "The Flight From Woman", and George Gilder's "Sexual Suicide", and fosters an androgynous culture and doctrine within the military, which is neither healthy nor combat effective at destroying a non-androgynous enemy.

Ironically, this failure to maintain a healthy balance and separation between the masculine and feminine characteristics of the military was one of the reasons why Army Private First Class Bradley Manning "popped" like an overshaken champagne bottle and haphazardly released information to Wikileaks, after the New York Times ignored him. An interesting case study in "insufficient training" which warrants brief examination for consideration across the military intelligence, PSYOP, and prisoner interrogation spectrum.

As an Army Intelligence analyst in Iraq, Manning's job was to thoroughly examine, absorb, and categorize key pieces of newly discovered information captured by Special Operations Forces raids, such as: video, computer files, documents, emails, phone records, financial statements, bank accounts, maps, and other psychographic information. When short-handed, he would have been assigned to "heavier" tasks, and here is where the trouble starts.

He would have been exposed to materials most mature men could not stomach--never mind the average hormone-crazed 19 year old kid. I was more "seasoned" in the world, was in my mid-30's, and knew ahead of time exactly what I was getting into, why, and how to "compartmentalize" the materials (which in all honesty, a person can only tolerate for about 2 hours before having to leave the SCIF, take a non-speaking break, and go outside, cuddle and play with a dog or pet for a dose of unconditional love in order to tranquilize the spirit from the evil manifestations the person is being forced to analyze in the name of "PSYOP Research for National Security Purposes").

The fact that the army would be so dull--or blatantly stupid or cruel--as to expose a 19 year old kid fresh out of the womb of "Bible-Belt" American High School to watch videos that redefine inhuman savagery, and study documents he has neither the mind, nor temperament, nor the experience through which to filter the feelings produced, is a testament to why the U.S. military Special Operations Forces has continuously decayed in its talent pool of Intelligence Analysts, Psychological Warfare soldiers, and Prisoner Interrogation Experts. Interestingly, the Germans are among the best at understanding and managing this delicate balance.

Manning simply did not have the capacity to contain the information poured into him, and more importantly, could not digest the volatile acerbity of the suffering. This is logical.

He himself already suffered from some chronic manhood deficits as a result of a harsh and distant father unwilling to show physical affection or intimate emotional warmth, which always precipitates (especially in boys) identity confusion, and its consequent symptoms of self-rejection and loneliness, which leads to sexual dysfunction, then experimentation, then guilt, and finally angry depression. When the boy has a high I.Q. and E.Q. (Intelligence Quotient and Emotional Quotient) the frustration and anger intensifies into malice.

No doubt PFC Manning had seen, though he shouldn't have, some of the videos I had, and lost it; furiously demanding what was being done by kinetic planners to stop these butchers--and thereby stop his painful, no doubt nightmare growing, forced exposure to the video materials he had to analyze.

Another trigger of Manning's meltdown about nothing being done would have been the "unique" (one would even say contradictory) retribution visited upon the "Gay Pride" types in Iraq--those who glory and celebrate in consciously defining themselves as homosexual, rather than define themselves as heterosexuals who engage in the "Man-Love-Thursday" habit of male-to-male "soothing of tension", which they see as necessary as a result of their complications with women. A most bizarre, yet necessary phenomenon to understand in order to discover its underlying psychological warfare implications. But that is for another report.

In any case, this complicated house of cards was largely responsible for setting-up and collapsing into Manning's backlashing betrayal of secret cables upon his return to the States.

He was hurt, and angered, not by the army, but primarily by what the army had exposed him to--and violated him with--without carefully preparing and mentoring him through it.

Thus, I could empathize--somewhat--with PFC Bradley Manning's sense of contemptuous frustration with his superior officers. Higher Command's character trait seems to be constant non-responsiveness; aggressive avoidance of all intellectual exertion; and revilement of any external accountability--especially by Congressional Oversight Committees managed by wisened old veterans. But that's another issue for a different report.

There are two types of men: those who've been stung by combat and sickened by its sting, and thereby lost their minds and sensitive nature to some degree--typified by their refusal to ever handle another weapon, for example. Then there are those men who acquire a slow, heavy, mature somberness mixed with indomitable confidence. One is a sign of strength and wisdom, the other of cynical hostility and self-defeat. COL Jones was a man of strength and wisdom.

He had stood by me in my darkest days of frustration with the military's political self-destruction, and calmly guided me in my balancing of choices. There was an intense gravity in his stare, that heavied you with the many years of his warfighting and diplomatic tours of duty. His eyes were similar to my father's, who as a Marine Corps fighter pilot in Vietnam (1968-69, Wake Island; R.O.K.; Chu-Lai) had flown more missions than most men. Like my father, COL Jones was unbreakably hard, yet strong enough to be soft-spoken and gentle in his command of men. He was a mixture of John Wayne and Brian Keith, iconic actors of old epitomizing sober American manliness.

COL Jones had left the army, as my father had left the marine corps, when he sensed effeminate and debilitating compromises becoming official policy. Like the cartoon classic of Daffy Duck holding-up and fighting against a black gelatinous blob seeping into his space, rather than thrash-about and claw at it, COL Jones prudently chose to save his battle for another day, and combat it in an asymmetrical way: he had recruited, trained and positioned me in the heart of the Counterterrorism, Intelligence, and Military nexus. He made me his Liaison Officer to Special Operations Command, State Department, and the Intelligence Agencies.

I was sent in to ferret out the bureaucratic blockages and straighten out the "stove-piping", analyze key problems and devise solutions, and implement them immediately without waiting for the impulsive doubt of bureaucrats and military opportunists to hobble the possibility of success. They were always primarily geared towards comfort, title, promotion, and legacy, with a secondary interest in actually winning the war of ideas. COL Jones' only interest, at all times, was defeating the enemy to defend his family. He was a man of action, not words. Yet no man could use words to win hearts and minds and battles, better than he.

Without going into classified material, my work with COL Jones yielded products, strategies, and theories never before developed in the history of the psychological warfare battlespace. From comic books articulating Seyda Zeinab (they mystical female leader all Shiites revere, adore, and obey for Syrian operations), to the power of nightmares, "Team America", and Mormon-like International Public Service Announcements, COL Jones encouraged me in fearless creativity, moral conviction when speaking truth to power, and energizing and framing my work in spiritual duty.

It was out of this sense of duty that I left my path of international economic and political development work, and merged into a different world. I joined the fight on terror out of a loyalty and love of country, like my father and grandfathers before me. I combined my skills, knowledge, contacts, and experience in advertising, Hollywood comic book writing, film, and religious scholarship, with psychological warfare against Islamic extremism; and created quite a diverse product mix.

I developed instinct diagrams, mind-mapping devices, strategic communication plans, hypnotic interrogation techniques, and other PSYOP products and techniques (which must remain classified outside this open-source report) that never before existed in the American military arsenal or training doctrine.

Through my experiences at the State Department, Special Operations Command, and the Intelligence Community, I have seen things only a few men have, and that no normal man would ever want to. I have endured the emotionally exhausting and spiritually agonizing work of analyzing and counteracting Islamic extremist torture and execution videos, and have not had the option of looking away or skipping the worst parts. I have had to study every element of the videos in order to deconstruct them, identify sensitive information, analyze phraseology and ideological underpinnings, discover vulnerabilities, and recommend countermeasures to Islamist propaganda. I have seen Daniel Pearl's beheaders cry out gleefully, "Let's go to Disneyland", after cutting off his head--something the non-Muslim world was, for some reason, spared from seeing. And I have read every philosophical treatise on jihad, religious brainwashing, and manual for socio-political-cultural division and isolation of the West, that has been published.

I had stared into the face of my enemy, and it was not the illiterate, fanatically bloodthirsty, emotionally unstable, boy-loving desert savage who uses his left hand for toilet paper, but rather it was those who prosper by extending the fight of this savage through acts of omission that enable his financing, thereby giving him "aide and comfort"--which the U.S. Constitution defines as treason. It was very plain and simple to understand.

If the enemy of my enemy is my friend, then the ally of my enemy is my enemy (and in this case the enemy of every U.S. military member and taxpayer). Thus my enemy was clearly and undeniably those parties giving substance and time, and therein hope and encouragement, to the enemy I and other servicemen--of both the U.S. and our allies--had been fighting to the death, as we were trained to do.

However in the end, when everything was added up, the papertrail seemed to indicate the aiding of the enemy was, in fact, being funded by U.S. taxpayers, was being condoned by the Justice Department, the Intelligence Agencies, President Obama, certain members of Congress, and the defense contractor Booz Allen Hamilton.

It seemed we were fighting the enemy like parasites on a host, feeding off it just enough to not completely kill it, just maintain a constant groan of near death. And we were managing the war--and telling our allies to do the same--in a manner which, whether intentionally or not, treated global conflict like a smoldering fire, never allowing it to be completely extinguished in order to preserve just enough flame for the next shift of unionized, government paid water-bucket bearers (Haliburton, SAIC, DynCorp, etc.); And every now and then a flame-up consumed some innocent, simpleton civilian sailing a boat near the Horn of Africa, or sight-seeing in some Middle-East city, or celebrating the Boston Marathon.

From a causitive analysis, I concluded that the real enemy was not the bloody murderers who torture women with power-drills; or sodomize, slice-up, and skin alive captured American and Russian soldiers (though Al Qaeda has written it fears Russian soldiers 100 times more than American, for retribution purposes), on film, to avenge historical wrongs that never occurred; or who hack-up unsuspecting British soldiers strolling the streets of London; or who threatened Danish cartoonists for drawing Mohammed with a big nose; or who shot and stabbed Dutch film maker Theo Van Gogh for exposing the sadistic abuse of Women in his film "Submission" with Ayaan Hirsi Ali (who agrees with me).

As atrociously primitive and morally moronic as these trogladite abominations of the human species are, they are not the disease but rather the rotting flesh resulting from the disease--an essential distinction. Terrorists are simply the symptoms of our own weaknesses, specifically our failure--or refusal--to terrify them; and our own ineptitude at waging sensationally effective psychological warfare that inspires fear and puts them on the retreat, instead of naively and foolishly and effeminately trying to seduce them into admiring the cool logic of democracy (Which has never, and will never, work with a hot-blooded desert culture people, as the British know well). Why? Simply put, their brains are wired differently by their culture (Read "The Arab Mind" and "Sir Richard F. Burton").

Also, since Muslim extremists pass on their pathological obsessions and paranoia to their seven to eight children (average birth statistics), then Pat Buchanan's imminent decline of the West, and Pat Fagan's "Demographic Winter" was descending upon us like a silent, menacing storm waiting for its moment to unleash its pent-up wrath.

Fundamentally, the anthropological genesis of the terrorist infection comes from the U.S. government-military-media complex refusing to fully and finally sterilize the area of this body politic of nations by "cutting out" or cauterizing the Saudi Arabian funded Wahabism through all instruments of national power (informationally, politically, economically, then militarily).

This was best done not through "whack-a-mole" drone and missile tactics, which is similar to "Caddyshack Carl's" blowing up the entire golf course (world) to rid the country club of one varmint--in this case a small band of schizophrenic, weepy, girl-fearing adolescents with beards. It was best done through multidimensional, mythopoetic, and spiritually authoritative (key words in the puzzle of the mind) psychological warfare and strategic communications--which was what I did for a living in my advertising and government-military careers--and which was the sole reason I took a Direct Commission as an Officer in the Army in the first place.

I had met with and challenged face to face at a meeting then Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Dick Meyers. At a meeting at the Pentagon, I brought up the need for developing new PSYOP that struck at the center of gravity of Muslim spiritual beliefs, particularly suicide assisted "martyrdom", and gave as the solution the need to use against them their own concept of "Torments of the Grave", which is what they have historically feared most. Sadly, most of the military men in the room couldn't grasp the idea.

All this I did, not because I wanted to, but because I was told it was the only way to "get inside the hearts and minds" of the Islamic terrorist, and thereby counteract his perverse apocalyptic narrative by developing a superior message and brand of American values. This I did because I was told if I did not, my country's ability to defend itself militarily in the war of ideas would be weakend, and my fellow Americans suffer. This I did because I am a patriot...and always will be.

This I did because I promised my fellow soldiers, "I shall not fail those with whom I serve." And with this report, I honor and keep that army promise.

CONCLUSION

Brad Birkenfeld is an American patriot and loyal to the people and culture and government of our United States. But how can it be that, after risking his life and sacrificing his career and future to empower the government with the informational advantage it sorely lacked and obviously desperately needed over the terrorist enemy (as seen in the government's subsequent payment of \$104 million dollars to Mr. Birkenfeld), this same government--a cabal of retirement obsessed bureaucrats, power-addicted politicians, and blood-drunk military-industrial-intel knuckle-draggers (officers above the rank of Captain)--betrayed Birkenfeld and buried his revelations; and then muzzled him and imprisoned him behind the iron mask of a felony charge? He discovered a deadly threat to the people of the United States, his countrymen, and came to the institution supposedly established by the people to guard their security, the Department of Justice (never in his wildest dreams expecting to be targeted for assassination by them, or one of their "contractors", for disclosing his treasure of secret information and contacts) and instead of being welcomed, was scorned, legally beaten, and professionally crucified.

Why was this done to him? The answer is simple, since the facts speak volumes: To continue metastasizing a malignant fear and suicidal conflict based on deception, pride, and greed. To grow a war to cultivate careers. A war which, if it had been fought the right way, would have ended a decade ago (in other words 3 years after it started).

Another whistleblower, Edward Snowden, although I don't agree with his methods, has also come forward to reveal the power and reach Booz Allen Hamilton exercises in its activities at the National Security Agency. Most revealing is that the National Director of Intelligence, James Clapper, was a Booz Allen Hamilton employee; as well as Mike McConnell, Intelligence Community.

Indeed the monstrous, flaming-red, all-seeing "Sauron" eye of the American Government's matrix of satellites (National Reconnaissance Office), wiretaps (National Security Agency), remote-control drones (Central Intelligence Agency), and vast army of winged, blue-monkey agents flying from the Dark Tower of the FBI-ATF-IRS-Homeland Security, failed to find (supposedly) or refused to use (most likely) what Brad Birkenfeld freely and enthusiastically gave: 19,000 bank account names, cell phones, hotel rooms, meeting dates, email addresses, and other vital information pertaining to potential terrorist financial networks and operations. None of which was ever shared with the military.

It staggers the imagination to think that such treason or tragic comedy of errors could be committed by government and military and intelligence agency personnel, without the least bit of humility or repentance upon reflection. Perhaps most reprehensible of all is the fact that despite his pleading with the Justice Department to allow him to share this information with the right Army military Threat Finance team (mine) and an Officer who would fully exploit this information to combat terrorists and keep America safe (me), Birkenfeld was not only flatly denied this request, but then threatened violently by the Justice Department if he "spoke to anyone"--including other financial government agencies--about his information. He literally begged for a subpoena to warn the American people about

terrorists and was forbidden, under pain of death, by Justice....a darker Shakespearean drama of egomaniacal motives I cannot imagine.

This fact alone should slap-away the ashen expression of shock on American citizens' faces to one of mouth-frothing, beet-red outrage; and move them to demand merciless investigations by Congress into this matter and all who betrayed their sons and daughters in uniform. After all, a generation of our children have been killed or crippled by these incompetents. And their "blood cries out to us from the ground."

One of the starkest memories I have as an Officer, and indeed as a man, was beholding a young, beautiful, long blond-haired, blue-eyed girl (around 18-19 years old) who had just been released from Walter Reed Army hospital and was attending a Washington Nationals baseball game outing with a busload of freshly wounded soldiers. They were being honored by a sponsor and lined up in front of a crowd and "thanked for serving." The girl was in a wheel chair, and had both legs blown off at the knee due to her being shot-up while repelling out of a helicopter (I won't open the Pandora's Box of women in combat, but suffice it to say she should not have been forced into that situation by politically-correct commanders who hide from manly chivalry like vampires cowering from the sun). Her face expressed a nervous, tired estrangement, as if still in shock and not quite fully aware of what had happened to her, or why. Her same-age boyfriend (civilian), no doubt from high school, stood next to her in loyal support, yet with a tight-lipped tension, as if a thousand questions or statements were simmering in him.

As I think upon her now, and how tearful it made me then, my own questions and statements begin to boil over from a scalding conviction; the conviction that only an Army Officer who was a Terrorist Threat Finance analyst assigned to stop banks from funding terrorism can have;

the conviction only a soldier can have as he swears an oath to protect his country; and indeed the conviction only a man can feel as his deepest soul is stirred with the passionate fury to protect a young girl from fanatical savages. The conviction that if just one Union Bank of Switzerland account which Birkenfeld gave to the American government was used to transfer one dollar to an Islamic charity, which then gave it to a courier, who then transferred it to a terrorist, who finally used it to buy the bullets and bombs that were used to maim that young girl, then the Justice Department

Senator Carl Levin (and others in Congress), Leon Panetta (in his dual role as CIA Director and later Secretary of Defense), and indeed President Barack Hussein Obama, have blood on their hands, and I will freely sacrifice my career--and life if necessary--to honor and redeem her by exposing this to the American people, her family, and cry-out to citizens to help her by sharing this story with others.

As Joseph Campbell would concur as being mythic destiny, and as Tolkien no doubt would noddingly approve from behind his wafting "Middle-Earth" pipe smoke, and as Frost has already said, "This path has made all the difference..." in this tale of "To There and Back Again." For had I not fallen into "Gollum's Cave", never would I have found Birkenfeld's "Ring of power", i.e. his documents, Wikileaks cables, bank statements, phone lists, photos, and other materials revealing UBS-Terrorist links and activities, and complicit Justice Department attempts to both silence him about it, and prevent him from informing the military minds who most needed--and were searching for--this vital information. Indeed truth is stranger than fiction.

However, instead of invisibility, Birkenfeld's "ring" forced me and my past writing out of the shadows, making me visible to the horror of some in government. Birkenfeld was the proof that confirmed my research, suppositions, and predictions by bringing me to the source of the Terrorist Finance Network I had been hunting all along. Additionally, he not only substantiated my theories, but far worse, exposed inexcusable government failure and cover-up. Acts of bad faith or incompetence seemed to have been committed by: Senator Carl Levin (a.k.a., the "shoe-cobbler" as Dennis Miller keenly observes), Chair of the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations which had Birkenfeld testify and examined his evidence, as well as Chairman of the Armed Services Committee which should have shared the information with the military (and according to Birkenfeld, never did); Hillary Clinton at the State Department and Coordinator for Counterterrorism (whom I worked for); Eric Holder at the Justice Department and his assassin henchmen Assistant U.S. Attorneys Kevin Downing and Kevin O'Connor (working with others in the intelligence agencies) who not

only orchestrated an attempted foreign plot or perhaps murder against Birkenfeld through betraying his whistleblowing to UBS in a fraudulent letter pretending to have been written by Birkenfeld's Islamic banker friend (whose phone they illegally tapped), but then falsely charged him with a non-existent crime and imprisoned him after he escaped their trap, and forbade him from ever speaking about the issue...to this day--hanging the sword of Damocles over his head in the form of threatening to take-back their \$104 million dollar payoff; and obviously by President Obama himself who ran the show in exchange for campaign contributions from his UBS financial bundler Robert Wolf, Chairman of the Americas for Union Bank of Switzerland.

And of course many other strange pieces of evidence, stories, and eccentric characters (military, intelligence agencies, media) which must, at least for now, remain excluded from this admittedly voluminous psychodramatic Congressional-Military Whistleblowing report (part I), in the interests of space and time. But rest assured, this additional material will also be published, and has already been written and secured. After ensuring, to the best of our ability, no American military member (enlisted and Junior Officers) or his family will be damaged, compromised, exposed to terrorists (as I was), or in any way hurt as a result of the revelations in the next report, Americans will be shown the rest.

With regards to the American News Media publishing this report, perhaps Frank Sinatra's "Second Time Around" will be sung by some vanguard of the Press in the coming days...but I doubt it. Something tells me--and I hope I'm wrong of course--that most likely the only eyes which will gaze upon the bold colors of right (now bleeding pastels in America--as Reagan warned), and the only ears which will hear the melody and remember the tune of freedom, will be those of Europe... Time will tell.

What's the result of all this so far and what's the impact on American life?

Unforgivably, American sons and daughters, and those of our war-allies, have been needlessly killed or maimed--physically and emotionally--as a direct result of this indefensible intelligence failure and or seditious conspiracy to conceal the truth. Additionally our allies have been subjected to internal socio-political upheavals within their own citizenry because of it. The world's stability has been shaken as the foundations of civilization are fractured under the erratic hammer blows of American military power; and innocent American citizens have been unlawfully imprisoned, brutally abused, and cruelly hidden away from their families--in a coordinated attempt to silence them about this issue. And this is just what has been uncovered so far.

Worst of all has been the complicity of politicians on Capitol Hill (aside from Rand Paul, the only leader to ever respond--albeitly by weak form letter) as well as the media--who seem beholden to the Union Bank of Switzerland.

To say power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely, falls short of describing the devilish cabal at the heart of this issue. Once again Assistant Attorney General Lanny A. Breuer has administered a slap on the wrist with a deferred prosecution and small fine to UBS. A foreign bank--and therefore a foreign government--has secretly meddled with, influenced, and pressured U.S. politicians and government agencies (The President; the Senate; the Dept. of Justice; the Dept. of State; the Intelligence Community; the Dept. of Defense) to arrest and jail its own citizens for their patriotic whistleblowing to the American people. In exchange for this "servicing", UBS has guaranteed positions on Boards, generous consulting payments, and promises of power--for the next 100 years. Examples of these seditious acts include: Phil Graham, former Republican Texas Senator (see UBS confidential meeting notes);

Attorney General Eric Holder and Assistant Attorney General Lanny A. Breuer supposedly working--when in private practice--for the law firm Covington and Burling and representing UBS in private practice (reported to me in Birkenfeld's testimony); former Senator Barack Hussein Obama (now President) who served on Senator Carl Levin's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, heard Birkenfeld's original testimony before the committee, and examined in great detail the evidence Birkenfeld provided indicating UBS (as HSBC) may have been funding terrorism, as indicated by the banking statement of Abdullah Azziz (who was identified as a key Al Qaeda financier by Osama Bin Laden's "Golden Triangle" in the Rolling Stone article by Matt Taibbi) and UBS' "Optimus Foundation"; contributions to Obama's Presidential Campaign by UBS Chairman of the Americas Robert Wolf; Department of Justice Assistant U.S. Attorneys Kevin O'Connor and Kevin Downing, connected to former Mayor of New York Rudy Gulliani who in turn was supposedly connected to Abdullah Azziz (also a player in Saddam Hussein's "oil for food" bribery scandal); and Leon Panetta, former CIA Director, then later Secretary of Defense, who was also a Senior Level partner at my Defense Contractor firm--Booz Allen Hamilton; and other individuals and activities who can be examined in greater detail on the included report and list.

Amazingly, just this week a colleague of mine from Booz Allen Hamilton's Cyberwarfare team (assigned to the National Security Agency) has filed another whistleblowing report about government abuses of intelligence and manipulative, unconstitutional designs against the American public. This has been shared with Glen Greenwald at The Guardian Newspaper, and will expose materials I have been reporting to Congress and the military for the past year. Hopefully Mr. Snowden (the Booz Allen Hamilton whistleblower) will reveal all the truth.

Since "Many are my persecutors and mine enemies; yet do I not decline from thy testimonies", and "I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed" (Psalm: 119), seem to be somewhat fitting descriptors of my situation, allow me to say, in the most non-melodramatic way, that if--God forbid--anything should happen to me, may this story not fall away. In full public view, under the scrutiny of a Congressional and Military investigation, let this report be examined, questioned, and tested under oath, and shared with the American people.

For those who may condemn or criticize my exposure of this ineptitude or plot between Booz Allen Hamilton, the Obama Administration, and the Intelligence Community, I can only say, as God is my witness and judge, I could not go on remaining silent and allow my fellow military brethren to continue dying and being maimed for life by bombs and bullets financed by bank accounts that long ago I could have shut down, and would have shut down, had I only known... had I only met Brad Birkenfeld when I should have...when he was looking for me. Perhaps I could have done more, but I will let history be the judge, guided by the conscience of the American people.

As for me, I have tried to "fight the good fight" assigned to me, defend my country from enemies "foreign and domestic", and run the race laid out before me by only choosing the most honorable, truthful, and patriotic paths along the journey.

EPILOGUE

At the very end of the film Braveheart" there is a climactic scene where William Wallace's huge claymore sword is symbolically unsheathed and flung high into the air with roaring audacity--bagpipes blasting in the background--as the skyward turned faces of a legion of kilted warriors on the field follow it with reverent awe as it spins through the air toward the shocked English army, and stabs defiantly into the green grassy hill as an ominous marker of freedom, and promise of victory. Inspired indomitable, the men charge forward in screaming savage valor, and defeat the enemy to win their freedom.

Similarly, may this letter soar through cyberspace, telephones, mailboxes, and social-networks, and achieve the same success by stirring-up our pride in America, inspiring our faith in God, and emboldening our passionate love of personal and cultural freedoms.

To that end, my prayer is that this letter will only nourish the reader with wisdom; and that after reading, of me it might be humbly said, he saw a danger, and warned of it. To help defend against tyranny, he served and led like a true officer of the United States Army. He fought against self-serving bureaucracies, powers, and principalities to break through and share with his fellow countrymen the truth they deserved to know. He fought with his words and expressed reality fearlessly, and earned the words "Well done thou good and faithful servant", the most eternal reward of all. He fought like an American soldier, or as Wallace might say, "He fought like a warrior-poet...he fought like a Scotsman."